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The Editors

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The Geneva Talks—*Stanley Karnow*
Trucks & Trains—*Eliot Marshall*
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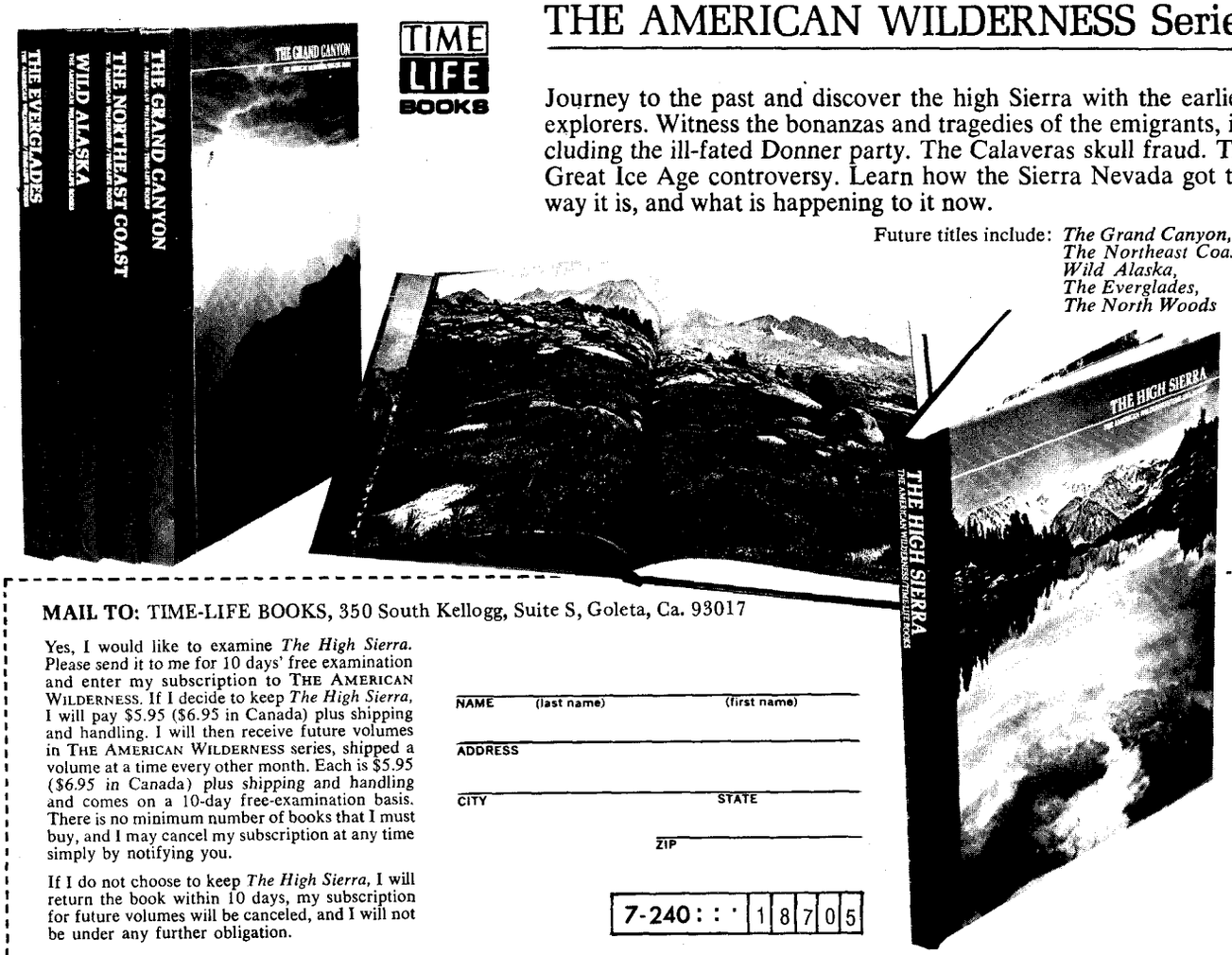

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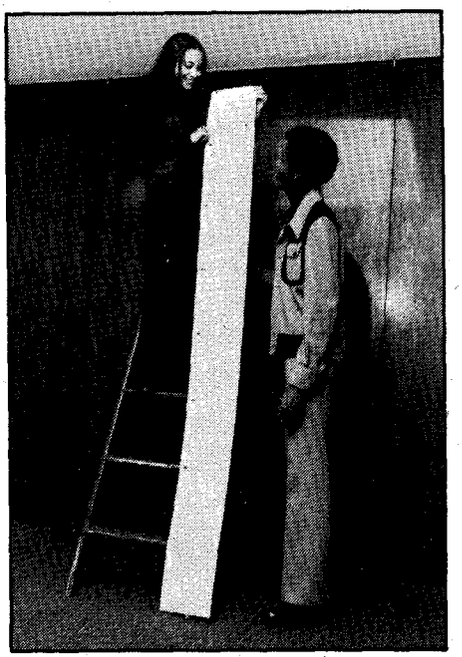

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TRB

from Los Angeles
December 22, 1973

California Dreaming

Here I am, sitting on a stanchion at the corner of Olympic Boulevard and Century Park East, watching them pouring cement for the enormous meccano-set skeletons of the two Century Plaza Towers ("A new international landmark"). I am counting the cars in the morning rush hour. Los Angeles! If there is one spot in America that the gasoline shortage will hit it is this sprawling city.

The twin towers are startlingly triangular, like opposed sword blades, 43 stories high and they will be, of course, hermetically sealed. It will take energy to heat and cool them, 24 hours a day. (Open windows are old-fashioned.) Across the street the Century City medical buildings are not only sealed but dark too, like black celluloid, absorbing enormous solar heat. That must be neutralized by even stronger air-conditioning and more energy. "What do you think of these sealed buildings?" I asked Russell Train, administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency, before I left Washington. "Outrageous," he said succinctly.

It is a beautiful day. It is midwinter so the flowers are out by the sidewalk—some kind of succulent, with magenta, daisy-like blossoms. And yes, a dandelion. It always baffles Easterners. A palm rises preposterously 30 feet, with a trunk like a bent cement pipe ending in a brown feather-duster of dead leaves (where rats like to live) and on top a few green fronds. All that effort for so little result. Like an unpublished poet . . .

The hum is from the cement mixers. A whiskered young man drives up in what looks like a motorized golf cart; the operator at the mixer pulls a lever; the top-shaped bin rotates on its side rapidly; the stuff slops into the golf cart and the young man blithely trundles away. They are putting flesh on those steel bones. The girders have rusted already and are a scruffy brown. They have reached the third floor, working up, with cellophane windbreakers hanging down all around it.

But I am interested in the traffic. I am playing a game. How many cars go by before I see one with two people? (Hauling people and goods in 1970 took a quarter of America's total energy, and ridership on public vehicles fell from 23 billion in 1945 to 6.5 billion in 1972.) Buses conserve gasoline, of course, but in Los Angeles who uses them?—there is a flow of one-man cars.

I jot down the scores: one in six (the sixth car has two people); one in 13; one in five (a woman driver with laughing school girls); one in 22. Where are the buses? Finally a Santa Monica Municipal drives up—"Welcome Aboard," "Exact Fare Please." It has one passenger. He gets out.

Back in Washington there is a fuel shortage. They whisper that it is worse than people think. The stock market has plunged. Maybe the Arab states will relax. But the energy crisis was here before the Middle East war and will be back here again in no time, even if we get through this grim winter. Oil supplies are getting short in the world's new era of scarcity. My drivers in Los Angeles don't believe it, though. They keep asking me, "You are from Washington. Is it real?"

I climb the wooden stairs on the hill behind, where there is "All-day parking 75 cents" and a distant view of downtown Los Angeles with the morning smog hanging over the skyscrapers and freeways. If it is like this on a clear day, what must it be like when all the photochemical pollutants are out in force? Elsewhere the sky is blue with an invisible plane leaving a vapor trail behind it like a line scratched with a fingernail.

"The Avenue of Stars" leads me past "Empyrean Way" (a short street, with parked cars) and I come to Pico Boulevard and more traffic. This includes a second bus with a significant new sticker, "Fuel Saving: This bus can get over 200 passenger miles per gallon of fuel." A few people in it. Here also is the Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation.

The sign says "Sorry, No Tours, Keep Out." Hollywood has fallen on hard times. Too many other illusions about, perhaps. I push in anyway and suddenly am in another world, the center of an illusion factory. Yes sir, I am facing an exact replica of a Hudson River pier of the 1900s with a sign saying, New York Central & Hudson River RRR, and another "Go to Bergen Beach." The authentic clock says 6:30. Another building and another, and streets running off it, the Fifth Avenue House, and the library, with lions, and the Harmonica Gardens, "featuring Maud Adams."

Rooftop billboards bring waves of nostalgia; I could lose my heart to "Adams Pepsin Chewing Gum: Aids Digestion—Improves the Appetite" and "Castoria—Children Cry for It." Good Lord, as an old Flatbush boy how often I have come over Brooklyn Bridge to see every water tank on the New York side plastered with Castoria signs!

Here I am, passing down a dream world with the old Biltmore looming in the distance, all 12 stories of it, and "American Theater: Castle Square Opera Company . . . Year-round program of Grand and Comic Opera; prices 25¢, 50¢, 75¢. . . . Matinees Wednesday & Friday." Then the biggest shock of all; yes sir, a full-scale steel Third Avenue El station, so lifelike with girders and green patina that you can practically hear the screaming brakes.

At a great moment like this the appropriate deity always materializes. He is Charlie McCauley, who tells me that he was the prop maker and foreman for all this and that it is the seven-year-old set of *Hello Dolly!* Did I notice the rails for the horsecars; ah, it was a grand sight, he says, with 4500 extras, and the band coming down the avenoo! He has a ruddy face and sideburns and is an authentic leprechaun, who tells me about his great uncle, Cornelius Aloysius O'Brien, who settled in Mattapan, Mass., "and you can't get more Irish than that!"

Yes, it is a town of dreams and illusions. Over the top of the dummy buildings, even here, I can see the tall, skeletal frames of the two Century Plaza Towers—the two airtight energy guzzlers—just poking up into the violently changing world of energy shortages. Which will date faster, the Third Avenue El, or the outrageously wasteful new structures and the quaint individual autos flowing past under them?

The world shudders with change. On the way to the airport I pass a '76 filling station with posted prices, 42.9 and 45.9. Sorry, it says, no gas.

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Contents

5 Comment
Tax-Supported Campaigns
7 Trucks & Trains—*Eliot Marshall*
8 The Civil Rights Commission: Making Do—*Robert W. Dietsch*
9 Prosecutor Jaworski's Operation Townhouse—*Walter Pincus*
11 The Nixon Watch: Pay No More—*John Osborne*
12 Poem—*Eve Merriam*
13 Misjudging Arab Intentions: Seeing & Not Believing—*Tad Szulc*
16 The Geneva Talks—*Stanley Karnow*
Films—*Stanley Kauffmann*
17 Books—Reviews by *John Seelye, David Sanford, Gordon C. Zahn, Sidney Monas, Stanley Karnow, Peter Michelson, Regina Barnes, Julia Green, Robert Coles* and *Eliot Marshall*
Poem—*J. Barrie Shepherd*
TV—*Crawford Woods*
Fine Print—*Doris Grumbach*

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Tax-Supported Campaigns

If you hear that federal financing of political campaigns is far off, don't believe it. The next general election for President probably will be paid for by the US Treasury—if Congress *does not* change present law and *does*, sometime between now and September 1976, appropriate the $43 million or more that almost certainly will be checked off income tax returns under the nearly forgotten one-dollar checkoff law that first was approved in 1966. During the recent flurry in Congress over campaign reform, when efforts to broaden federal financing were beaten back, the existence of Senator Russell Long's checkoff plan was somehow forgotten, perhaps because it was so easily suspended for the 1968 and 1972 elections. There is new life in the plan, however, in part due to the Watergate-Agnew scandals, and also because inflation has hit electioneering harder than it has hit housekeeping. The exorbitant cost of campaigning has nurtured the belief that if you're not a multimillionaire or a crook you can't run for office. And that belief is ultimately intolerable, even to cynics. The checkoff plan is a compromise between those who want to continue the old system of private donations and those who are pushing in the opposite direction—complete federal subsidy not only for the presidential general election, but for House and Senate races and for all primaries as well.

How does the checkoff work? Taxpayers are given an opportunity to mark a box on their returns—one dollar for each individual, two dollars per joint return. Originally taxpayers could also designate the party to which their money would go. That idea was dropped by an amendment last year and now all the designations are dumped in one pot. In 1975 and perhaps again in early 1976, Congress will be obliged to appropriate funds in the pot, and the money will be placed in a presidential campaign fund account within the Treasury Department. After the two major parties nominate their presidential candidates and any minor parties do whatever is necessary to qualify their nominees, the comptroller general will determine the amount each candidate is to be given, based on the number of nominees and the amount available and appropriated by Congress. Under the law that amount is limited to 15 cents per eligible voter or a total of about $21 million for each major presidential candidate, less for minor or new party candidates. The comptroller general having certified the legally quali-

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fied candidates, the full presidential fund would be divided within the Treasury Department into accounts for each. Beginning September 1, 1976—or after nomination and certification—candidates could begin submitting paid bills to the comptroller general, who will check them to be certain the expenditures were legitimately part of the general election campaign. He will send them to the Treasury for reimbursement, and then the secretary of the Treasury will pay each candidate from the account established for him. This reimbursement procedure will be followed throughout the election period and 30 days thereafter, though each major party candidate can get only up to $21 million.

There are some wrinkles that still need to be ironed out. Minor parties are squeezed, being limited to what they can receive by their vote in prior elections. Major party candidates are given a choice either of taking the $21 million from the Treasury, or trying to raise that amount—or more—from private donors. Those who choose the federal subsidy have to have some cash to get started, since the Treasury money only comes as reimbursement after they have paid their bills. And once they go the public financing route, they cannot solicit any additional private funds.

In the past there has been some question as to whether enough people will check the box on their income tax form to accumulate the amount needed. In 1972, when it was necessary to complete a separate form to collaborate in the program, only 2.5 million of the 78.5 million taxpayer returns participated in the checkoff. With most of those coming from joint returns, about four million dollars was earmarked. Now, largely as a result of a Common Cause lawsuit, the Internal Revenue Service has placed the checkoff box on the first page of every 1973 tax return form. Also, a special second line has been added to the tax form, giving those who ignored the box last year another chance. With substantial publicity and the two checkoff lines printed on page one of all forms, sufficient amounts should be available well before 1976.

Limited as it is to the general election of the President, the checkoff plan in 1976 will provide a preliminary test of the effects of public financing on the planning and budgeting of campaigns and the extent to which the subsidies liberate nominees from indebtedness to private interests. Also to be tested will be the new comprehensive reporting laws, requiring anyone seeking the nomination to put on public record—from the day his candidacy is organized—both his contributions and expenditures. Furthermore, should the House approve a Senate bill passed earlier this year, candidates will be limited in the amounts they can spend before the nominations, and individual donors will be limited to $3000 to each candidate's election. Only two candidates, Republican and Democratic, are likely to be important in the next general election for President, so expenditures and receipts will be fairly easy to monitor. Since only the general election is covered, the federal subsidy is not likely to have much effect on the selection of candidates at conventions or on pre-convention campaigning. As noted, once nominated, the candidates themselves will decide whether to take the public money or to go the traditional private fund-raising route. It is possible that one candidate might run with private donations, another with federal funds, which would at least provide a comparative test of systems.

In all cases, however, candidates seeking their own party's nomination through state primary races or other delegate selection processes will have to rely on private contributors. To advocates of broader public financing this is a major flaw in the checkoff law. They likewise want to expand federal payments to House and Senate primary and general elections, a wish that was frustrated earlier this month by Alabama Senator James Allen's filibuster. In that debate Allen said publicly what sitting senators and representatives know privately—that public financing for them would invite primary and general election opponents that many incumbents have never encountered in the past, because potential challengers could not raise the same kind of money that is usually available to those who hold power. Many legislators suddenly had a disconcerting vision of how public funds might sharply alter the party nomination system, putting money into the hands of heretofore marginal or even frivolous candidates. In the House the legislators reacted by cutting out the provisions that dealt with congressional elections. In the Senate the inability to get enough votes to close down the Allen filibuster reflected another realization—that the wider public financing being proposed could shatter the traditional presidential nomination process. The Senate decided the plan needed more study, which it now will get from the Rules Committee. As part of the agreement to end the filibuster, that group will report out a new financing package next spring.

There was another agreement reached in Congress, this one with Rep. Wayne Hays, the feisty chairman of the House Administration Committee. Under pressure from the Democratic leadership, Hays promised to bring out a campaign fund bill in February. Since last summer he has kept bottled up in committee the Senate measure setting new limits on private contributions and expenditures by both candidates and political committees. The Senate bill also would establish a bipartisan federal elections commission to enforce the campaign fund laws—removing that function from a Justice Department controlled by the political leader of one party in the elections. Hays has been a strong opponent of all such reforms, along with any proposed public financing measure. As yet there is no indication of what type of bill Hays plans to report out. At a recent meeting of his committee he polled the members on their views. The form of the session gives some idea of how Hays works. By making it an in-

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formal meeting the chairman was able to exclude the press and avoid any member's having to take a formal position.

For anyone seeking his party's presidential nomination in 1976, the rules will not be what they were in 1972. A candidate will have to report his earliest expenses and campaign income—even expenses incurred well before the election year. Thus if Nelson Rockefeller, Ronald Reagan, Charles Percy, Henry Jackson, Walter Mondale or Edward Kennedy set up skeletal campaign organizations in 1974 to test the political waters during the midterm congressional campaigns, those organizations will have to report. Because of that, some are already planning their initial fund-raising around hundreds of $3000 donors rather than around a handful of $50,000 fat cats.

One can't rule out the possibility of the Senate's passing next spring a public financing proposal that broadens the present checkoff law. But our hunch is that the House would not go along and instead would approve some version of the earlier Senate bill placing limits on private fund-raising and campaign expenditures. It would then be up to the House-Senate conferees to come up with a compromise, and what that would be is anyone's guess. Ours would be that the present checkoff law would survive, setting the stage for a test of taxpayer-supported presidential elections in 1976.

The public has been told that total public financing is the remedy for political corruption. If that were true remedial legislation would zip through Congress. But in fact no one is sure what public financing will do to elections and particularly to the pre-nomination practices that are associated with selection of congressional and presidential candidates. Furthermore, there has been little serious exploration of these questions by Congress or by the news media. During the latest campaign reform debates, press and television correspondents gave only superficial coverage to the discussion, directing most of their attention to tactics rather than substance. *The New York Times*, for example, published a detailed analysis of the presidential public financing proposal the day after the debate ended. Both the *Times* and *The Washington Post* editorialized against Republicans who supported the Allen filibuster, implying they had helped ruin any prospect of public financing. Yet neither paper, nor *Time*, mentioned the checkoff law already on the books.

We cite these examples only to underline the fact that one reason agitation for reform in the past has done so little to make the system honest is that neither the press nor the public cares much about what happens from one scandal to the next. If campaign financing, whether with public or private money, is to become a general concern of all citizens, as it should, the news media will have to report more diligently on how campaigns are now paid for—and not just campaigns where improprieties are alleged.

Trucks & Trains

If they encouraged no one else, the truck blockades of December must have cheered the radicals who have been predicting for years that workers and students were about to unite and throw off the chains of capitalism. It *was* strange to see those solid middle Americans, the heavy tractor-truck men, demonstrating and calling press conferences just as antiwar activists did not long ago. The truckers even threatened what some peace marchers had tried but failed to achieve. They said they were going to block traffic in Washington, DC and shut down the government. When antiwar demonstrators tried that on May Day 1971, they got nowhere because the government's counterstrategy had been worked out so well in advance. The President's law 'n' order deputies, John Mitchell and Richard Kleindienst, had the local police use mass arrests without warrants to sweep up and detain more than 10,000 marchers and bystanders. There were some constitutional problems with this, it turned out later, but the tactics did keep the streets clear.

The truckers' protest has been deflected more easily. After several spontaneous blockades of interstate highways in Ohio, Pennsylvania and Maryland, some angry truckers announced they were going to make themselves felt in Washington. But the siege hasn't taken place. The administration moved quickly to assure the truckers that it was eager to hear about their problems. President Nixon met personally with the president of the Teamsters Union, Frank Fitzsimmons, for nearly an hour. (The deposed White House energy chief, John Love, says he never spoke with the President for this long in his six months on the job.) Another meeting was arranged between a delegation of truckers headed by their unofficial leader, "River Rat" (J. W. Edwards), and the secretary of Transportation, Claude Brinegar. From Brinegar they received a solemn promise that he would "reexamine the priorities of diesel fuel allocation" and reconsider the 55 mile per hour highway speed limits favored by the President. To help satisfy the demand for immediate action the Internal Revenue Service made a survey of 850 truck stops and found that more than a quarter of them were charging inflated, illegal prices for diesel. Most of the violators were forced to lower their rates. Miraculously this seems to have taken the steam out of the resistance and spared the administration an ugly confrontation. No one knows what might have happened if the President had been forced to call out the national guard to stop the truckers.

The blockades have ended, but diesel prices remain high and supplies are short. The American Trucking Association says that its survey indicates the price of diesel fuel has risen more than 30 percent this year

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and there's no reason to expect it to come down. Independent truck stop operators say they are getting between 50 and 80 percent of the fuel they had last year, and even diesel retailers with direct ties to major oil companies are getting less than they need. The major refiners have been forced to cut back all shipments. Exxon now sells customers 85 percent of last year's volume; Texaco has cut back to 73 percent and Sohio to 75 percent. Although the government guidelines for most trucking allow 90 percent of last year's allocation, the oil companies are administering much stricter reductions. A spokesman for Exxon will not say whether he thinks the present cutbacks will be adequate to assure all customers of oil through the winter; everything depends on the weather and the Arabs, he says.

While a large trucking company like McLean with a refinery of its own may be able to get 90 percent of the fuel it needs, others may get 60 or 70 percent, or less. Fuel buyers for the big fleets are desperate and distrustful. The man in charge of buying diesel fuel for Sea-Land Services of New Jersey, for example, refused to say how much he was paying for fuel or from whom he bought it because he didn't want his competitors to have that information. He did say, however, that everything was "a mess" and that it was difficult to find even 50 percent of what he needed. He has only been buying diesel fuel for a year and therefore doesn't have a record of 1972 shipments, which is the basis for all allocations. The older firms are able to get higher allocations, and many prepared for trouble by installing huge underground tanks and filling them with diesel fuel last summer.

The shortage is having the same effect on the trucking industry that it has had on petroleum refining and retailing: small and independent operators are being driven out of business. Earlier this year, before Congress passed a bill to remedy the imbalance, independent oil refiners were severely undersupplied with crude oil. Many were facing bankruptcy because the major oil producers, which had previously supplied them with crude, refused to sell any during the shortage. Nearly 300,000 barrels a day in refining capacity went unused. Now the government has ordered refiners to share the burden equally, and all are operating, but at less than full capacity. The scarcity of gasoline also put hundreds of independent gas stations out of business, and the major companies seized the occasion last summer to close many of their own small, low-profit dealerships. Now the independent truckers are falling by the wayside because they cannot afford to compete under the strains imposed by the shortage. Most of the drivers involved in blockades, the Teamsters are quick to point out, are independent owner-operators, not company men. These "gypsies" must be able to buy fuel cheaply at truck stops and make deliveries quickly if they are to keep ahead of mortgage payments on their rigs and still make a living. Company drivers don't have to worry about fuel prices so much, nor do they rely on truck stops. Like the gypsies, the company drivers do suffer when speed limits are lowered because they are paid by the number of miles they cover. But they will survive the shortage and the gypsies may not.

The troubles of the trucking industry might be tolerable to the rest of us if we knew that they would force the trains to improve substantially. Though they use the same fuel, trains are much more efficient than trucks, carrying about four times the amount of cargo per gallon of diesel fuel. Trucks also need highways, which require more energy to build than railroad tracks, and they take up more space. Despite these advantages the train companies do not expect any immediate increase in business. Trucks will continue to carry perishables because trucks are faster, and according to spokesmen for both the trucking and railroad industries, there are few trucked goods that can be shifted to the railroads. Indeed, the Association of American Railroads is eager *not* to appear competitive with trucks; as one spokesman put it, "we have an ecumenical movement going." Statistics on the number of railroad cars loaded with truck vans in piggyback fashion show an increase of 16 percent this year. But the AAR spokesman warned that this should not be attributed to the fuel shortage or the inefficiency of truck freight. It is, he said, a sign of the general improvement in shipping methods.

The energy shortage will help the trains in other ways, however, and the shift could eventually make them more competitive than they are now. Coal is best shipped by train, and there will be a greatly increased demand for coal in the next decade. That will increase profits and, indirectly, one hopes, the quality of railroad freight service. Congress is ready to guarantee the existence of train lines in the Northeast, now bankrupt. If this new federal help and the increased income from coal make the trains faster and more reliable, they will begin to take business from the trucks.

Eliot Marshall

The Civil Rights Commission

Making Do

The United States Commission on Civil Rights was created by Congress in 1957 as a political copout. It was given no enforcement authority, very limited subpoena power, a life of only two years and a tiny budget. The agency was limited to fact finding and reporting. Yet it has lived on and grown into a potent force. Congress has now extended its life another five years; its

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budget is up to around $5.5 million (too small, but larger than ever before); it has a staff of 200; it has been given fresh power to investigate women's rights and the rights of ethnic minorities and it has a new chairman—Arthur S. Flemming.

The commission also has withstood five years of neglect by the White House. Richard Nixon's attitude was well illustrated when he fired the Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh as commission chairman. The firing occurred immediately after Mr. Nixon got his "mandate" from the 1972 election, and no successor had been named until this month. Father Hesburgh, president of Notre Dame University, is one of the country's outstanding civil rights spokesmen. Under his leadership and because of the respect surrounding him, the commission commanded a sizable audience when it released fresh studies or lambasted someone or some organization—including the federal government—for not doing more in civil rights or not living up to the law. Under Father Hesburgh the Civil Rights Commission had become the voice of conscience in the government.

As a further example of Mr. Nixon's indifference, of the 144 "goals" compiled from a multitude of federal agencies by the Office of Management and Budget there is none that deals with equal educational opportunity, access to public accommodations or other civil rights targets.

It took Mr. Nixon more than a year to name a successor to Father Hesburgh, and in explaining the delay the White House contended the President wanted to "find the right man." But Mr. Flemming was under Mr. Nixon's nose all the while: he served as chairman of the White House conference on aging from 1971-72 and then became the President's special consultant on aging—a post he will keep. Mr. Flemming's Republican associations go back to the Eisenhower administration, as secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare. He is 68.

Father Hesburgh said recently that Mr. Nixon was letting the Civil Rights Commission "die on the vine." In broad terms this has been true. Nonetheless, under staff director John A. Buggs, a former vice president of the National Urban Coalition, the commission today is deep into investigations of the rights of Indians, Puerto Ricans and Mexican Americans. It is gearing up for hearings into women's rights and is eyeing how white ethnics fare in TV shows. It will undertake a major retrospective survey of the effects of court decisions on school desegregation and voting rights laws, and it has contracted with the Rand Corporation for a national study on the impact of school desegregation, a study that Buggs describes as possibly "the most significant piece of social science research in the 1970s."

Most presidential and federal commissions go about their business for a year or two, file a report, and disappear into limbo. The Civil Rights Commission, however, deals with problems that are never solved, and it is a credit to Congress that its life has been repeatedly extended. To be sure, the extensions have at times resembled the perils of Pauline. One time the commission's life was extended at the last minute as a rider to a peanut growers' subsidy, an event that Father Hesburgh said "somehow seemed appropriate in view of the minuteness of our budget." Another reason for commission success has been its independence and bipartisanship. No more than three of the six commissioners can come from one political party, but just about all the commissioners over the years have been apolitical. The commission is equally responsible to the executive branch and Congress, and Congress has insisted on the agency's independent right to initiate its own projects and targets.

A good example is its series of reports on "The Federal Civil Rights Enforcement Effort," begun in 1970. The reports have been embarrassing to the administration and to a long list of federal agencies. The 1974 report will look at civil rights law compliance, or lack of it, by regional federal offices. And the commission's staff work has been thorough and accurate. That helps keep credibility.

Father Hesburgh has written that "to a large extent the commission's recommendations represent ideas whose times have not yet come . . . A principal purpose of making what some believe are politically unrealistic recommendations is to bring these recommendations into the arena of public dialogue, with the conviction that this will hasten the time for adoption. Experience has shown that the commission's view is not as unworldly as some might think. In 1959, the commission, after having documented the extent of voting rights denials, recommended a system of federal voting registrars. This recommendation was dismissed by many at the time as politically unrealistic, but it became the basis for the Voting Rights Act of 1965, and that act became the most effective civil rights law the nation ever enacted. A series of commission recommendations made in the late 1950s and early 1960s resulted in Title VI of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, prohibiting discrimination in federally assisted programs." A tabulation shows that 60 percent of the agency's recommendations have been adopted in some form. Not a bad record for an organization that cannot put anyone in jail, prosecute anyone or terminate anybody's federal contract.

Lack of enforcement powers has nonetheless been a frustration to commissioners and staff. After uncovering instances of discrimination and inequity the commission must call on other federal agencies to take remedial action. One change that would be helpful is power to require a timely answer from government officials to the reports and recommendations of the commission.

Robert W. Dietsch

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Prosecutor Jaworski's Operation Townhouse

Among the White House tapes and documents requested last month by special Watergate prosecutor Leon Jaworski—and perhaps by now delivered to him—were three reports that had been locked in former presidential aide H. R. Haldeman's private political files marked "personal confidential." Submitted to Haldeman in the weeks prior to the 1970 congressional elections, the reports covered activities by a unique, clandestine campaign fund operation that had been set up by the White House in July 1970 and run by Jack A. Gleason, a former White House staff member with extensive fund-raising experience.

The original idea was simple. If the Republicans could pick up seven Senate seats in 1970, they could gain control of the upper chamber. In order to win, the GOP candidates needed money, lots of it. The White House—and Haldeman particularly—believed it could secretly raise and distribute the money. They already had $1.7 million stashed away, left over, they said later, from the 1968 primary campaign. With Haldeman directing the operation, the President's personal lawyer Herbert Kalmbach undertook the solicitation of funds.

Apparently some three million dollars was raised. About half came from traditional Nixon fat cats such as W. Clement Stone, and a handful of already appointed wealthy Nixon ambassadors such as Annenberg in England, Franzheim in New Zealand and Davis in Switzerland. The other one million dollars-plus came from sources still to be uncovered—apparently much of it in cash.

Operating from a basement office in a northwest Washington townhouse, Gleason in 1970 received the money or the checks and channeled them secretly to some 20 or more Republican candidates, including most of those who were challenging Democratic Senate incumbents.

Now, more than three years later, the original sources of those previously unknown contributions, the manner in which the money was distributed and how it was reported under federal and state campaign fund laws are being investigated by the Watergate special prosecution force.

One of the 1970 recipients was Senator Lowell Weicker, an outspoken critic of Haldeman and a member of the Senate Watergate committee. During his 1970 campaign, checks totaling some $30,000 were directed by Gleason to Weicker campaign fund committees. In addition, three weeks before the election, Gleason gave Weicker's campaign treasurer a single cashier's check for $35,000. The source of those funds was—and still is—unknown to the Weicker organization. According to former White House Counsel John Wesley Dean III, Haldeman and others in early 1973 discussed whether to disclose publicly the previously secret contribution, so as to embarrass Weicker, who had taken some anti-White House positions during the early days of the Watergate hearings.

Weicker himself made the contributions public, at the same time attacking the White House staff for considering such tactics. Shortly thereafter the Gleason operation was briefly discussed again, this time during Kalmbach's appearance before the committee. At that time the name of an additional Senate recipient, Maryland's J. Glenn Beall, Jr., was disclosed. He had received $140,000 from Gleason.

To head off further embarrassment to Republicans (Beall had not included the money in his Maryland fund reports), Gleason reportedly gave GOP national chairman George Bush an outline of what he had done. It was decided thereafter that Gleason would supply a letter to each recipient laying out exactly how much had been provided both by named contributors and cashier's check. It was ironic that because of the secret manner in which the funds were channeled, most candidates—and often their staffs—were unaware of just how much they had been given. Only the "personal confidential" Haldeman file and Gleason had that information.

Neither Gleason nor Bush will say who was on the list, although the letters to recipients were later distributed through Bush's staff. Bush, who received Gleason money for his own unsuccessful run for the Senate in Texas, refuses to discuss the matter. A spokesman for the GOP chairman said he had "been advised by counsel" not to comment on the Gleason operation since it is being investigated by the Watergate prosecutor.

Among those who ran in 1970 and won Senate seats with the help of Gleason money were Robert Taft, Jr. of Ohio (whose office says he got $15,000 in cashier's checks and $35,000 in named contributions); James Buckley of New York; Bill Brock of Tennessee plus Weicker and Beall. Other funds went to Republicans who lost including Bush, William Cramer in Florida, Thomas Kleppe in North Dakota and Richard Roudebush in Indiana (whose staff aide said he received $114,000).

Although the 1970 fund-raising operation was outside the original bailiwick of the Watergate special prosecutor, Archibald Cox made an agreement with the then Attorney General Elliot Richardson that his investigators, rather than the Justice Department, would look into the matter. The fact that Cox was investigating the contributions was used at the time by the White House as evidence that Cox was out to cause political trouble for the Republicans, not just to investigate Watergate. Jaworski's decision to press this Cox-begun inquiry was signaled by his request to the White House for the Gleason reports—the 14th, 15th and 16th Gleason had submitted to Haldeman

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prior to election day 1970. Dubbed "Operation Townhouse" by the Watergate prosecutors, this inquiry not only could cause new awkwardness for the White House, it could, for the first time, bring Republican senators and politicians under the constantly enlarging Watergate cloud.

Walter Pincus

The Nixon Watch

Pay No More

In the federal income tax returns that the President made public on December 8, as part of what he called "a full disclosure of my financial affairs," there were three deductions for "depreciation of personally owned White House furniture." They reduced Mr. Nixon's taxable income by $1347.36 in 1970, $1094.73 in 1971, and $889.47 in 1972. By comparison with the items that produced deductions totaling $988,963.43 from a gross income of $1,122,266.39 in the four years 1969-72, the furniture deductions were trivial. But they and some other relatively minor elements of the President's tax history seem to me to tell more than the big items do about the attitudes and practices that brought Richard Nixon to the point of assuring the nation at a televised press conference on November 17 that "I am not a crook" and of trying to prove that he isn't with his "full disclosure."

One of the pieces of depreciated furniture is the Cabinet table in the Cabinet Room next to the President's Oval Office in the West Wing of the White House. It's a magnificent object, done in black mahogany. Mr. Nixon, dissatisfied with the table in use when he was inaugurated, ordered a new table in March of 1969 and paid $4816.84 for it. He said when he did this that he would give the table to the nation when he left the presidency. In the meantime it's been his property, legally subject to the annually diminishing charge for depreciation that his tax accountant, Arthur Blech of Los Angeles, has claimed on his behalf. The second of two depreciated items is a set of office furniture, and a ludicrous story is connected with it. As of December 11, the White House assistants working on the disclosure process didn't know where this furniture was, what it included, or why it was bought. One of the assistants said it could be in the West Wing, across the street in the Executive Office Building, or in presidential office quarters in San Clemente or Key Biscayne. "The truth is," this assistant said, "nobody has gone to the President and asked him about it." Translated, this meant that nobody had dared to ask the President about it. All that the assistants knew about the set of furniture was that it included a desk and that the Pavlov Office Furniture Co., address undetermined, was paid for it in July of 1969 with a check for $2369.12. Although the matter didn't come up at the six press briefings held on December 7 and 8 in connection with the financial disclosure, a spokesman said that the deducted total of $3331.56 in three years on furniture that cost a total of $7185.96 was legal and proper. It was indicated that further deductions could and presumably would be taken.

One of the President's three real estate properties is the Whittier, California home that his mother, Hannah Nixon, owned and occupied when she died. The 1969-72 returns show rental income from this property of $2400.05 and deducted expenses totaling $26,470.87 over the four years. Its evident use as a tax haven caused some close questioning at the press briefings. Arthur Blech, the Los Angeles accountant, said that two Internal Revenue Service agents spent more time—1½ hours—on this item than on any other when they audited the President's 1971-72 returns last May. Blech said the Whittier data satisified the agents. He also said that "it is a question of a very valuable piece of land worth about $90,000 with a building on it worth $8000. The building is old, dilapidated, very bad, in disrepair." Newspaper and television pictures showed a two-story, stucco house that seemed to be in decent shape. It generally rents for $50 per month and the annual income has varied from $700 in 1969 to $450 in 1972. The tenant since October 1972 has been the East Whittier Friends Church (Quaker), to which the President gave $250 in 1969 and $100 in 1971. These are among the charitable contributions totaling $13,481 over four years and varying from $7512 in 1971 to $295 in 1972 that are reported and deducted on the 1969-72 returns. One of the church's two ministers, the Rev. Charles Mylander, and his family live in the house and did not appreciate the accountant's description of it. In 1969, a typical year, the deducted Whittier loss of $5699.16 included $818.60 in depreciation, $68 for insurance, $1895.65 in property taxes, and the largest item, $3257.14 in interest on a mortgage on the property. Nothing was charged off for maintenance of the house, though a $290 item is marked "clean up."

An intriguing glimpse of Mr. Nixon in one of his personal aspects and of his staff relationships is provided by the references during the disclosure operation to his acquisition in 1967 and sale in early 1969 of 185,891 shares of stock in Fisher's Island, Inc., a Miami development company formed and controlled by a group of Nixon friends who include Charles G. (Bebe) Rebozo. Reams of rumor and established fact have been printed, much of it unflattering to the President and his associates in this deal and some of it suggesting that Rebozo arranged for Mr. Nixon to be paid much more for his stock than it was worth. That is not the principal point of interest here. Mr. Nixon bought

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199,891 Fisher shares at $1 a share and sold all but 14,000 shares of his holding back to the Fisher's Island company for $2 a share. He declared a capital gain of $184,891 in his 1969 return and some of the $72,682.09 that he paid in 1969 income tax was on this gain. It was disclosed on December 8 that three people who worked for Mr. Nixon in 1967 and still work with him took options on the 14,000 shares at $1 per share when he bought his Fisher's Island stock in 1967. His personal secretary, Rose Mary Woods, took 10,000 shares. His valet, Manolo Sanchez, took 1000 shares. Patrick Buchanan, a speechwriter and consulting thinker, took 3000 shares. Miss Woods and Sanchez exercised their options in early 1969 and immediately sold their shares back to the company at $2 a share when Mr. Nixon sold his. How Miss Woods and Sanchez financed their 1967 options was not explained. Buchanan told me how he did. He loaned Mr. Nixon $3000 on the understanding, backed up with a demand note, that six percent interest would be paid when and if the loan was repaid in cash. Buchanan says this was an actual loan, with $3000 passing from him to Mr. Nixon. The President has said that he was earning $100,000 to $250,000 a year with his New York law firm at the time. Buchanan picked up his 3000 optioned shares in 1969 when Mr. Nixon, Sanchez and Miss Woods were selling their shares. Buchanan says that he kept his shares because he thought it was a good investment. The Fisher's Island company has offered additional shares at $1 per share since 1969 and Buchanan has bought 820 more at $1. This fact indicates that Mr. Nixon, Miss Woods and Sanchez got extremely good deals when they sold their shares at $2.

These minor chapters in the big Nixon story bring to mind other small stories about the President. They didn't emerge during the disclosure orgy but are relevant to it. A White House assistant recalls reading a memorandum that the President wrote early in his first term to John D. Ehrlichman, then his staff counsel in charge of his personal affairs. The assistant says that the memorandum went into much detail about how the President wanted his $200,000 salary, his $50,000 annual expense allowance—actually a part of his remuneration, subject to income tax to the extent that it isn't spent on official business—and his other income and assets handled. According to the assistant, who by definition is biased toward Mr. Nixon, it was not the instruction of a man who had anything to hide or who was conscious of doing anything wrong. It was the memorandum of a fairly wealthy man who cared intensely about his money, his family and his heirs, and who wanted his taxes held to the absolute minimum that they could be legally held to. It was the work of a lawyer who was versed in the late Judge Learned Hand's dictum that nobody is obligated to pay more taxes than the law requires and who interprets this unexceptional doctrine to mean that he and his accountants are entitled to the very last deduction that they can think up or discover. Perhaps the most fascinating item in Mr. Nixon's 1969-72 returns is the deduction of $1.24 in interest on a department store charge. In that year, 1971, the President reported $262,384.75 in gross income, claimed $255,676.69 in deductions, and paid $878.03 in federal tax on a reported taxable income of $5358.06.

The second story is told by a southern Republican lawyer who visited Mr. Nixon at his New York apartment in 1968, before he was nominated. Mr. Nixon said he assumed that the lawyer was visiting New York on clients' business and would charge the trip to them or, at the very least, would deduct the charge on his tax returns as a business expense. The visiting lawyer said he probably wouldn't; it really was a personal trip. Mr. Nixon looked as if he were shocked, made the visitor repeat that he did have some clients in New York, and finally extracted an admission that his visitor could, if he worked at it, concoct a passable excuse for either a charge to clients or a tax deduction. Mr. Nixon cocked his right thumb and forefinger at the visitor, winked, and made a *chucking* sound. The visiting lawyer, telling this story to a partner who told it to me, said he found the episode embarrassing and never afterward had much respect for Richard Nixon.

An IRS audit of the President's 1971-72 tax returns and the fact that it resulted from a random selection of high income and low tax returns became known during the disclosure exercise. It was not officially revealed, but it is a fact, that Internal Revenue Commissioner Johnnie Walters, who has left office since the audit was ordered, was shaken and uncertain when a computer turned up the President's 1972 return last spring. Walters telephoned a White House assistant and asked him what should be done. The assistant asked whether the law or regulations required the audit of returns selected at random as the President's was. Walters said an audit was indeed required. Without checking with the President, the assistant told Walters to proceed with the audit. It appears from the December 8 account that the 1971 return was also

Countdown

Twelve Lairds a-leaping
Eleven Haigs a-hopping
Ten Zieglers zealing
Nine Buzhardts buzzing
Eight Garments rending
Seven Saxbes sloughing
Six Bebes banking
Five tax returns
Four Fords a-foisting
Three Buchanans booming
Two Jaworskis juggling
And a cartridge in a tape deck.

EVE MERRIAM

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audited. The significance of this addition to the official story is that a President's tax returns get special attention but not necessarily special and favored treatment at IRS. This shouldn't surprise anyone.

Mr. Nixon has asked the joint Senate-House Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation to pass upon the legality and propriety of the tax action that worries him most. A $576,000 deduction that he took upon the gift of his vice presidential papers to the national archives in 1969 reduced his taxable income over 1969-72 by $482,019 and reduced the income taxes that he otherwise would have owed by some $234,000. The transaction is open to question on several grounds, among them a shortage of documentation of the claim that the gift was effectively made before a 1969 law invalidated such deductions. The uncertainty of the President's spokesmen about the outcome of this controversy is evident from their strident insistence that Mr. Nixon's intention to give the nation the papers is clear and that the rest is mere technicality. The rest could involve serious falsifications of fact. But Mr. Nixon has had to take a bum rap on one score. His derided story that Lyndon Johnson put him up to the papers dodge is inaccurate in detail but believable in substance. Mr. Johnson took all the tax deductions he could get from gifts of his vice presidential papers and was profanely and extremely aggravated when the 1969 law did him out of a deduction far greater than the ones Mr. Nixon claimed on his 1968 and subsequent incomes. The law did Mr. Johnson out of it, that is to say, because he was wise enough to take some advice that Mr. Nixon either didn't get or ignored. Sheldon Cohen, who was internal revenue commissioner in the Johnson time, told Mr. Johnson that he could beat the deadline if he insisted but would be foolish to try it. Mr. Nixon tried it and is in trouble. The President who signed that 1969 law, incidentally, was Richard Nixon.

John Osborne

Misjudging Arab Intentions

Seeing & Not Believing

by Tad Szulc

An important lesson to be learned from the 1973 Arab-Israeli war is that blind disregard of hard intelligence assessments, unpopular as those assessments may be in the White House, may lead to dangerous self-deception. That is what happened earlier this year when the Nixon administration refused to believe that the Arabs, with Soviet support, were *actually* planning to attack Israel—though massive evidence was at hand that war was being prepared. To be sure, the war, the Soviet gains in the Middle East, the worldwide energy crisis set off by the Arab oil embargo and the consequent deep disarray in America's alliances with Western Europe and Japan could have happened anyway. But the West would at least have been readier for them had Washington been more attentive to the predictions of its own intelligence community.

According to senior officials these predictions were based on a detailed three-phase Egyptian attack plan that US intelligence obtained as early as last April. The plan apparently was procured by the Defense Intelligence Agency through its network of military attachés and at once made available to other members of the US intelligence community as well as to the State Department and the White House. The Egyptian plan called for crossing the Suez Canal into the Sinai Peninsula under the cover of Soviet-supplied SAM-6 and SAM-7 anti-aircraft missiles designed to neutralize the Israeli air force. This was the first phase, and it worked. The second phase provided for a follow-up advance and the capture of the Mitla Pass, opening all of Sinai to swift advances by Egyptian armor. This failed because of successful Israeli counter-punches after commanders and troops had recovered from their initial surprise. The third phase was to be the conquest of all of Sinai up to the 1967 armistice lines. Egypt never contemplated invading Israel proper, expecting instead to engage in diplomatic negotiations from a position of overwhelming strength. According to Eastern European diplomats, the Soviet Union flatly opposed an invasion of Israel for the reasons that it might have led to a direct confrontation with the US

TAD SZULC *was a diplomatic correspondent for* The New York Times.

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and, in the words of one diplomat, that Moscow's policy requires the continued existence of the Jewish state as a *raison d'être* for indefinite Soviet presence and influence in the Middle East.

After studying the Egyptian attack plan and related intelligence data—reconnaissance satellite photography, agent reports on the arrivals and deployment of new Soviet equipment, Egyptian army movements and its accelerated training in river-crossing operations in preparation for the Suez thrust—the State Department submitted on May 31 a detailed study, specifically predicting an Egyptian attack coordinated with a Syrian offensive in the Golan Heights to occur between late June and mid-autumn. The prediction of Syrian involvement was essentially a logical inference from what was known about Soviet military deliveries to Syria, inasmuch as the US intelligence community was able to get the actual Syrian attack plan only in the first weeks of September.

The study went to William P. Rogers, then secretary of State, and to Kissinger at the White House. As the President's special assistant for national security affairs, Kissinger had been apprised of the Egyptian military plan as soon as the DIA secured it in April. There are no indications, however, that he took this warning seriously in April or even after May 31, when State Department political analysts predicted the Arab offensive. It may be surmised that Kissinger, whose own prestige is so linked with détente policies with the Soviets, simply refused to believe that Moscow would make it possible for the Egyptians to start a war or that President Sadat's own interests would be served by such a conflict. It should be noted that the Egyptian plan was dutifully passed on to Israel. But for its own reasons Israeli intelligence services chose to be totally skeptical about it, thus perhaps reinforcing Kissinger's own political judgment.

Be that as it may, there is nothing to suggest that Nixon or Kissinger raised the possibility of a Middle East war when Chairman Brezhnev visited here during June on a mission that the administration portrayed as a further move toward détente. The Middle East was discussed, but the American side did not find it necessary, according to senior officials, to try to dissuade the Russians from engaging in any Mideast adventures. Interestingly the Egyptians told the Romanian government in April that they planned an autumn attack. The Romanians did take it seriously and tried to talk Sadat out of it. It is unknown whether they passed their information on to the US.

In September when Kissinger became secretary of State, another study was prepared informing him of the Syrian plan. The view in the State Department was that pressures in the Arab world, notably in Cairo, had risen to the point where Sadat was willing to undertake the attack. That Moscow, détente or not, was favoring the war for its own long-range objectives seemed to be confirmed by the new knowledge that Soviet surface-to-surface SCUD missiles, with a 160-mile range, had been delivered to Egypt, though without nuclear warheads. SCUDs were the kind of offensive equipment Sadat had been demanding from the Russians in mid-1972. Frustrated, he expelled Soviet advisers. By 1973 Moscow changed its mind. Yet in early October Kissinger was engaging Arab and Israeli foreign ministers in preliminary discussions of a Mideast peace plan.

The Soviet Ambassador, Anatolyi Dobrynin, advised Kissinger on October 5 that the Arab offensive would be launched the following day. Israel was immediately informed, but it was too late to do Israel much good and too late for American diplomacy to try to halt the war. Cairo later confirmed that 12 hours before the war, Kissinger urgently advised the Egyptians that Israel had no hostile intentions. State Department officials think that Dobrynin acted because Moscow wished to have all its bases covered and preserve as much of the détente spirit as possible. This, of course, came in handy when the Russians were ready to talk Mideast cease-fire a week later, the Arabs having failed to reach most of their objectives. Still, it appears, the Russians were playing at brinksmanship. Kissinger has thus far declined to explain what precisely led to the decision to declare a worldwide alert of US armed forces, on October 25, but many senior officials suspect that Kissinger may have overreacted on the basis of urgent Brezhnev notes insisting on Soviet participation in truce observation or enforcement, and inconclusive information about the alerting of Soviet airborne divisions.

In this connection intelligence community sources say that the alert was declared *before* the US had real "awareness" that the Soviets may have delivered nuclear warheads for the Egypt-based SCUDs. They say that the first indications that nuclear arms may have crossed the Bosphorus into the Mediterranean aboard merchantmen came during "the week of October 24" (it was a Wednesday) and the reports were inconclusive. They say that to this day there is no certainty that nuclear warheads actually reached Egypt; if they did, they were taken out almost immediately. This whole episode remains murky.

Broadly speaking the major misjudgment in Washington was between the *capability* and the *intent* of the Arabs to wage a war. The capability was known, the intent was minimized. Curiously the US and NATO fell into an analogous trap in 1968 when Warsaw Pact armies invaded Czechoslovakia. Western strategists had ruled out the invasion on the grounds that if the Russians really meant to move into Czechoslovakia, they would maintain total secrecy instead of engaging in highly visible maneuvers and exercises. The same thing happened with the Arabs in the Middle East. The new way to score a surprise is to make it so obvious militarily as to make it unbelievable politically.

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Movement on the Middle East

The Geneva Talks

by Stanley Karnow

The Middle East conference opening in Geneva this week is bound to be a diplomatic exercise of enormous magnitude and staggering complexity. For its various participants are entering the talks with an assortment of demands that not only represent their own particular aspirations but reflect a wide spectrum of tangential pressures. The Egyptians and Syrians are striving to retrieve lost territories and Jordan is cautiously trying to steer a middle course, yet their conduct is likely to be colored by such diverse and perhaps contradictory considerations as Libyan radicalism, Palestinian irredentism, the new political role of Saudi Arabia, and Soviet strategies in the area. Although the Israelis are struggling for national security, their fate is in large measure contingent upon the Nixon administration's concern for détente with the Kremlin, US relationships with Western Europe and Japan, and domestic American politics. Soviet policies, meanwhile, hinge on Moscow's perception of its links with the US as well as on its long-range objectives in the region and elsewhere in the world. Secretary of State Kissinger properly gauged the dimensions of the problem when he remarked recently that the Middle East makes Vietnam seem simple by comparison.

Kissinger is pressing for rapid progress at the conference since, as he told an aide the other day, the Middle East will "explode" again unless the Geneva discussions yield results within three to six months. Such an explosion, he fears, would not only ruin his own reputation for performing diplomatic miracles but would make the administration increasingly vulnerable to congressional adversaries like Senator Henry Jackson. Moreover, it might bring the US and the Soviet Union into a more critical confrontation than the one they faced during the conflict earlier this fall, and that, by demolishing the much-vaunted "structure of peace" that the President has been attempting to build for the past four years, would wreck the only achievement he has been able to publicize amid his Watergate troubles. But very few specialists expect the talks to run according to Kissinger's timetable. As one senior US official put it: "Three to six years is more realistic than three to six months."

One reason for this pessimistic prognosis is the vast gap that still separates the Arabs and Israelis on territorial issues. Pointing to United Nations Resolution 242, passed six years ago, the Arabs insist that the Israelis must return all the areas they conquered during the six-day war in June 1967. These include the Sinai, the west bank of the Jordan, the eastern sector of Jerusalem, the Golan Heights and Sharm El Sheik, which stands at the entrance to the Gulf of Aqaba and protects the Israeli port of Elath. The Israelis now express a willingness to give up some of this territory, notably parts of the Sinai and the west bank of the Jordan, if these regions can be demilitarized. But they are adamant about holding onto Sharm El Sheik and the Golan Heights, which overlooks the Jordan and Hula Valleys, their richest agricultural land, and they refuse to bargain over Jerusalem. Pointing to the ambiguous UN Resolution 242, which assures them "secure and recognized boundaries free from threats or acts of force," they also assert that they will not agree to any territorial concession unless it is accompanied by a general settlement that guarantees their safety.

Some American analysts submit that the Israelis may be persuaded to pull back from specific areas if the withdrawals are phased and tied to precise political accords. For instance, this line of speculation goes, the Israelis might evacuate part of the west bank of the Jordan on condition that Jordanian King Hussein incorporate the Palestinians living there into his realm. Other analysts argue that the territorial question is complicated at this stage by the fact that the Arab states, although far from united, are more reliant on one another now than at any time within memory and, as a consequence, their individual room for maneuver is limited. Egyptian President Anwar El-Sadat may be unable to make a deal on the Sinai until the deeply religious King Faisal of Saudi Arabia, who bankrolls the Arab cause, can visit the Moslem holy places of Jerusalem in his capacity as Sherif of Mecca. And Faisal in turn may hesitate to endorse a compromise on the west bank of the Jordan out of fear that the Palestinian radicals might menace his conservative regime. These factors could reduce Israeli leverage with the different Arab leaders. Meanwhile, the Israelis have yet to see an acceptable formula that, under the terms of UN Resolution 242, offers them security as a substitute for territory.

Kissinger said a couple of weeks ago that "the issue of guarantees can be faced in detail only after a settlement has been reached." But this approach, in the opinion of the Israelis, puts the cart before the horse, since a settlement is worthless without real guarantees;

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so far ideas for plausible guarantees have been conspicuously lacking. The Israelis are cool to the notion of a UN peacekeeping force, recalling as they do that Egypt's late President Gamal Abdel Nasser expelled the UN emergency force from the Sinai in 1967 in order to take over Sharm El Sheik. It was that action that prompted the Israelis to launch their blitzkrieg. Nor is there much enthusiasm in Israel for Senator Fulbright's suggestion that the US give the Israelis a bilateral defense treaty to supplement other international guarantees. After Vietnam, the Israelis say, American public opinion would not tolerate US troop commitments abroad. Or as Israeli Defense Minister Moshe Dayan, asked by an American reporter about Fulbright's proposal, replied: "Do you believe that your Congress will approve such an undertaking, that whenever the Arabs start a war against us you will send your marines to fight?"

Despite these gloomy prospects, Kissinger intends to urge the Arabs and Israelis to negotiate quickly. In particular he is going to lean on the Israelis to concede territory, using vital American military and economic aid as his lever. According to *Newsweek* he is stage-managing a ploy designed to get the negotiations off to a promising start by creating a sense of confidence among the participants. After the military talks at Kilometer 101 broke down late last month, it was reported that the Israelis were prepared to agree to a "separation of forces" with the Egyptians, but Kissinger advised them instead to save the concession for the conference. Even with that bit of cosmetics, however, the negotiations are unlikely to move fast. An agenda must be shaped, and the question of Israeli prisoners held by Syria is still unresolved. The conference is also due to be recessed for the Israeli election later this month, and it will not reconvene until the end of January. The political hue of the future Israeli government may be hawkish. Barring a fresh outbreak of hostilities during that period, the Arabs and Israelis are then expected to dig in around the table in an attempt to win through the talks what they either failed to gain or cannot hold on the battlefield. For as they perceive it, diplomacy is war by other means.

There seems to be a good deal of validity in the thesis that both the Arabs and Israelis consider time to be on their side, and therefore plan to stretch out the conference as long as possible. The Arabs are in no hurry for several reasons. They are receiving sophisticated Soviet weapons, and their military skill is improving steadily. They outnumber the Israelis by huge proportions and, as they showed, they have the advantage of being able to fight on at least two fronts should the war erupt again. Their oil weapon has worked effectively to isolate the Israelis diplomatically not only from Western Europe and Japan but from the countries of Asia and Africa on which Israel has spent millions in aid in order to build up support. The Arabs anticipate that their control over petroleum will eventually turn sentiment in the US against Israel, crack the influence of what they call the "Zionist lobby" in Congress and compel Washington to shift to attitudes more favorable to themselves. The Israelis, for all their difficulties, are equally unrushed. They regard Richard Nixon as a lame duck and they estimate that, by waiting for Democratic victories in the 1974 congressional elections and the 1976 presidential contest, their official US underpinnings may become firmer. One factor that is currently encouraging them to follow this policy is their observation that so far American public opinion has displayed no signs of blaming them for the energy crisis. They are concerned by the prospect of a bigger Soviet presence in the Middle East, but they believe this could work in their favor in two possible ways. On the one hand it would reinforce their American backers, like Senator Jackson, who has been arguing hotly that détente is an illusion and that Israel deserves all-out US assistance. At the same time they calculate that the conservative Arab leaders, like Faisal and Hussein, will ultimately become frightened by the Russian commitment to their cause and, in an effort to reconstruct their relationship with the US, adopt a more conciliatory attitude toward Israel. The Israelis do not discount the likelihood that this waiting game will be interrupted by intermittent battles, but in a sense they view the four wars they have waged since 1948 as battles in a protracted conflict, and they are prepared to fight again. Arab pledges to respect their sovereignty notwithstanding, the Israelis still see themselves locked in a struggle for national survival, and they say, "Our main strength is our determination."

A few optimists suggest that prolonged negotiations in Geneva will have the advantage of bringing the Arabs and Israelis together and provide them with the opportunity to develop the one ingredient that has been absent in their dealings—mutual trust. Therefore, as one specialist points out, style will be substantive to the degree that the manner in which the negotiations are carried out could significantly affect the results of the talks. It seems at this writing that subcommittees will be formed at the conference in order to compartmentalize the array of issues under discussion, and this system, if imposed, ought to minimize the propaganda harangues that often impede progress. But the passions that underlie the disputes between the Arabs and Israelis are bound to surface frequently, and only patience and the will to reach some kind of settlement can keep the conference on track through the long haul ahead. At the moment, then, the fact that the conference is being convened resembles Dr. Johnson's description of a dog walking on its hind legs: it is not done well but you are surprised to find it done at all. And that, against the emotions of the Middle East, is an accomplishment of sorts.

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A report on equal opportunity employment policies and practices at General Motors.

In General Motors we have coupled our commitment to equal opportunity with extensive programs of training and development. Their purpose is to enable our employes—minorities, women and others—to take better advantage of the opportunities which await them in our organization.

One of our difficulties in recruiting more minority employes and women is that many of GM's white-collar jobs require some engineering and technical training. Traditionally, however, few minorities or women have studied engineering. So, even as we recruit intensively at institutions with engineering and technical curricula, including predominantly black and women's colleges, we must take other, more direct, steps to qualify more minorities and women for engineering jobs.

For example: General Motors maintains and operates a five-year cooperative engineering college: the General Motors Institute in Flint, where today 3,000 students are earning degrees, most of them in engineering and industrial administration. They alternate periods of study at the Institute with paid work assignments at GM divisions. One of the great advantages of the GMI system is that its graduates are assured good management or professional jobs and an opportunity to progress at General Motors. The entrance requirements at GMI are stiff. They compare with those at the best engineering schools in the country. A pre-freshman program has been established to qualify applicants who were not able to receive adequate preparation for engineering studies in high school. Currently, 88 minority students and 31 women are in this program. This is paying off in the number of minority and women students at GMI. Eight

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years ago we had only 13 minority students at GMI. Two years ago we had 167. This year we have 412.

There are relatively few women graduate engineers. Last year, for example, in the entire United States only 493 bachelor degrees in engineering were conferred upon women. They represented 1.1% of the total bachelor degrees earned in engineering during 1972.

Last year 112 women were enrolled at GMI. This fall, there are 247 women, 8.3% of the total GMI enrollment.

We expect—indeed we know—that these young men and women will be among the managers of General Motors in the years to come. All that is needed is their continued efforts, our continued resolve, and time.

Several programs have been established throughout the Corporation to assist employes who may wish to continue their formal education. GM has a Tuition Refund Plan and a Graduate Fellowship Plan which last year refunded $2.9 million to employes who completed courses in recognized educational institutions. And we place special emphasis on increasing the number of minority and women employes in skilled trades. Pre-apprentice training programs at many GM plants develop the technical skills of prospective candidates for skilled-trade apprenticeships.

By such efforts, we are making long strides in short time. We are bringing minorities and women into General Motors, placing them in the mainstream of opportunity, and training, educating, and preparing them for higher positions. Our goal is nothing short of full equality of opportunity throughout our organization—and we are moving toward this goal.

Several years ago we made a significant shift in our thinking. We had always been against discrimination, but we decided then that just to be *against* was no longer enough. We chose a more positive, more affirmative role. We committed the Corporation to work not only to prevent discrimination, but to promote equal opportunity in employment. Then, and since then, we have made it very plain that it is the continuing policy of General Motors to provide equal opportunity for every American in every area of our business.

We are convinced that this policy—positive rather than negative, active rather than passive—is the right one. It is right because it not only fulfills the let-

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ter of the law, but reaches to the spirit of our American commitment to equality.

Our record at General Motors has a special quality enhanced by GM's tradition of success. General Motors is successful because it applies rigid standards for advancement to all employes. The rewards and incentives are high, and so are the standards of performance necessary to achieve them. When an employe progresses in General Motors, he or she can be sure that recognition has been earned. Everyone who knows General Motors knows this is so.

Here are a few figures. The percentage of minority employment in GM grew from 11.2% of our U.S. work force in 1965 to 16.7% by the end of 1972. And since then, the 16.7% has climbed to over 17%.

This is progress, and significantly the gains of minorities in white-collar jobs have been more rapid. Minority Americans in these jobs increased from 1.7% in 1965 to about 4.7% in 1971. Just a year later, the 4.7% became 7.1%, and today the percentage of minority employes with white-collar jobs in General Motors is over 8.4%.

In 1965, women accounted for 12.9% of our work force. By December 1972, the number had increased to 13.9%, and today the percentage of women in the GM work force is 15.1%. Of the managers, technicians and professionals at GM in 1965, eleven hundred were women. By the end of 1971, the number had increased to 1600, and as of the end of last year the number was 2800. And since then, it has climbed to 3900.

Percentages and numbers are cold, but these represent in General Motors 113,000 minority Americans and 97,000 women earning for themselves and their families the employment opportunity they deserve. They are more than numbers—they are real human stories—over 210,000 of them. And the number is growing every day.

And every job in General Motors, white-collar or blue-collar, is a good job. The average hourly employe who works in our plants earns more than $12,500. Their wages alone—not counting fringes—place these employes in at least the upper one-fourth income bracket in the United States.

We know that equal opportunity in employment is not up to the employe alone. The person who does the hiring and the promoting is crucial. So we train not only employes, but we train mana-

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gers as well. We teach them how to take positive action to speed upward mobility throughout the Corporation.

In January 1972, this message was given to our Personnel Directors: "As you are all aware, the policy of General Motors Corporation is that everyone will be given an equal opportunity in employment without regard to his or her race, religion, or national origin. This is the policy of General Motors, and every member of management must implement this policy.

"Now, there may be many personal prejudices in connection with this problem. These are being expressed in different ways throughout the country, and each person is entitled to his own opinion. However, the position of GM in these matters is unmistakably clear: there is no room for prejudice in General Motors —and we mean just that. If we have any person at management level in any GM facility who cannot function within this policy, or is not giving it full attention, then he will simply no longer be able to work for General Motors."

We are making progress, but the effort is hard. Progress does not come easily. It requires hard work and dogged dedication—day after day. But it is worth the effort. Minorities and women in General Motors are earning their way to economic equality, gaining—day by difficult day. They are getting there—surely. A number of minorities and women are now in top positions. Hundreds more are just below them, and thousands more a level down, and throughout the Corporation there are more than a hundred and thirteen thousand minority Americans and ninety-seven thousand women—all working, all earning opportunity.

No one can doubt the commitment of General Motors to full employment equality. Neither should anyone doubt the certainty of its eventual achievement.

GM cares about cars. GM cares about people too.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

General Motors

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Africa and Elsewhere

Sambizanga (New Yorker). This, we're told, is the first film to be directed by an African woman. Sarah Maldoror, who worked as assistant to Gillo Pontecorvo on *The Battle of Algiers*, is Angolese. Her film is about the first revolt against the Portuguese in Angola in 1961, and was made in Brazzaville in 1972 with some of the people who had participated in that revolt. (The title is the name of the poor quarter of Luanda, the capital city.) Claude Agostini photographed with good color, and Maldoror directed with modest competence.

A young tractor driver, played by a statuesque black man named Domingos Oliviera, is arrested by the police for revolutionary activities. His wife, played by a beautiful black woman named Elisa Andrade, trudges from prison to prison, carrying their child in her arms, trying to find out where her husband has been taken. Meanwhile he is being tortured by the police to make him name his accomplices. (He could have squealed and gone free.) He refuses to talk, and is killed. The film's last sequence is at an open-air dance given by his friends. The news of his death arrives; in honor of his spirit, the dance is not cancelled, it goes on.

The picture aims to be simple, and when it ascends to simplicity, it's good; but much of the time it sinks to the simplistic. All the rebels are noble and life-loving, all the officials are rats. Even if this were true, the cinematic means to express it are often dull. At the start, for instance, we see Domingos playing football with boys after work, then cuddling his baby. When you see a revolutionist doing good-hearted things like that early in a political film, you know he's in for trouble.

Maldoror has learned insufficiently from Pontecorvo about character complexity and stringency of method. The opening and closing shots of the sea (turbulence!) and the long, drawn-out dance sequence at the end, which is so distended that it blunts the poignancy, are maladroit. The picture's real rewards are in the faces of Oliviera and Andrade.

But even though this is only middling filmmaking, it's important as part of a swelling stream. *Sambizanga*, along with *Blood of the Condor* from Bolivia (*TNR*, Aug. 18, '73), Ousmane Sembene's films from Senegal, other films that have been shown privately or reported from Africa and South America, capped by the magnificent *Hour of the Furnaces* from Argentina (*TNR*, Feb. 27, '71)—all make it clear that the expensive, technology-laden medium of film is somehow being used by impoverished insurgent forces to state their cases powerfully to their own peoples, where possible, but principally to the world.

England Made Me (Atlantic). Graham Greene's early novel (1935) has been transported from Stockholm to the Germany of the mid-1930s and made into a flabby, dispersed, generally stupid film. A young Englishman returns from the East to meet his sister, who is now the confidential secretary and mistress of a big German financier, aiding the tycoon in a shady deal under the noses of the new Nazi government. The young man is given a makeshift job by the financier to please the girl, but the weak-willed youth becomes a risk in relation to the big deal and is murdered. The girl, who has had incestuous feelings toward her brother, leaves her rich lover.

The script by Desmond Cory and Peter Duffell mangles the theme—implicit in the title—of the young man's well-meaning velleity seen as a result of his upbringing. The direction by Duffell misses no stock shots of Nazi brutality and emotional fever and big-business iciness, all of which are assembled so mechanically that you can almost hear the click of editorial scissors and splicing machines. Duffell has compounded his clumsiness with some bad casting. Peter Finch can be a good actor when he's not sleepwalking, but he has no trace of the iron needed for the tycoon—as badly cast as Ralph Richardson was in a similar role in *O Lucky Man!* His mistress is played by an English actress named Hildegarde Neil who, in a round-shouldered goo-voiced way, manages to be repellently creepy.

However, the brother, or what's left of him in the script, is exceptionally well played by Michael York, an actor of intelligence and resource. And a mildewed English journalist is handled with precisely controlled imprecision by Michael Hordern, much in the way he played the seedy barrister in *The Dock Brief*. Hordern has a gift for sharp-eyed skittering; with beaten face, in beaten mac, smoking beaten cigarettes, he is quintessential Greene—an upper-class man on his uppers. These two men, with different actors in the other roles and the early Carol Reed in charge, might have made a resonant moral thriller out of this material.

Book Notes. In 1926 a young American director-cameraman named Karl Brown went down to the mountains of Tennessee and North Carolina and made what we would now call a neorealistic fiction film with natives of the region as his cast. (Only one of them had ever seen a film.) Brown's backers, Famous-Players-Lasky, put the title *Stark Love* on the picture, it was well reviewed and has been generally forgotten. I saw it recently, courtesy of the Film Department of the Museum of Modern Art who had retrieved a print of this "lost" picture from the Czech Film Archive (thus confirming that US film history is better preserved in Europe than here); and it whetted my anticipation of Brown's autobiography.

Adventures with D. W. Griffith (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $10), the story of Brown's beginnings, came into being through the ministry of Kevin Brownlow, an indefatigable enthusiast of silent film and himself the author of *The Parade's Gone By*. Brownlow, because of his regard for *Stark Love*, searched out Brown, who was living in North Hollywood with his wife, having achieved his aim in life: "obscurity on a comfortable income." Nevertheless Brownlow persuaded him to write his story. Now we have what I hope is only the first

(continued on page 33)

Films Worth Seeing

American Graffiti. Cinematic insight transforms banal material—small-town adolescents in the '60s—into a pleasant memorial.

I. F. Stone's Weekly. A sharp, humorous, inspiriting documentary about a sharp, humorous, inspiriting political journalist.

The Long Goodbye. Raymond Chandler à la 1970s and indolently funny, thanks to Robert Altman and Elliott Gould.

The New Land. Concludes the large-scale Swedish-American narrative of *The Emigrants*. A true epic.

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The Mouse in the Machine

The Art of Walt Disney by Christopher Finch

(Abrams; $45)

This Yuletide season Abrams has given us the artwork of Walt Disney, the Wizard of Was, done up in a marvelous big bundle of beautiful fold-outs, a gigantic greeting card with a text by a man with a very Christmasy name, which fairly bursts with serendipity-doo-da.

Disney ascended a golden stairway bridging a Depression; his success has been attributed to that socioeconomic fact, America being in need of a good laugh and a few fairy stories at the time. But he really came into his own during a succeeding age of affluence, building a pleasure dome for hoi polloi, relieving the tensions of prosperity and the weight of many wallets by leading all who could afford it into his marvelous land/world, the time machine that took them to the world of yesteryear, tomorrow and once-upon-a-time, where today's money is as good as ever, and especially good for more.

Death, like everyone else, takes a holiday in Disney's World, Snow White resurrected by a kiss. How can there be even a thought of death in a place where the past lives in the present, promising a future evermore, and where the haunted house contains evidence of life in the hereafter? The terrors are carefully under control, and as for Lincoln, he lives on in the Hall of the Presidents, an animated mockery of Lenin's tomb. Disney died in 1966, but he too lives on, the genius of Disneyland, the spirit of Christmas presents.

Disney put a fence around the territory of grandma and grandpa and called it public domain, please pay as you enter. Like Mark Twain's Yankee, Walt is not so much an inventor as an entrepreneur, a contriver, a man who knows how to put things together in effective combinations, less a master builder than a master technician. He belongs to that long line of American *machers* who invented nothing, perfected much and made plenty. What he did was to produce a garden that is nothing more than another machine, a gigantic mechanical toy for that democratic emperor, the people.

For Disney *machina* is *deus*, and if as great pretender he is something of an imposter, like most confidence men he is successful because he believes in what he is selling. Very nearly Howard Hughes' contemporary, Disney has the eccentric billionaire's almost religious faith in technology, more particularly in the gadget-as-art, and though his life story is the reverse image of Hughes', like him he is essentially a case of arrested development. Which in America guarantees success in the popular arts.

Disney's most ambitious animations were gargantuan versions of children's stories, more particularly the folk tales of the Grimm Brothers, and though we can credit him in this regard with perspicuity (spell that "pursepecuniarity"), for you can't go wrong at the box office with tried and true archetypes, particularly if they are out of copyright, it won't do to attribute such a consistent pattern merely to business acumen, nor were all of Disney's fairy tales moneymakers. What is involved is something deeper in the American vein. Most of the classics of 19th-century American literature are read, in one version or another, as children's stories, being romances or fairy tales in which our dreams (including nightmares) are realized. It has something to do with all those false, failed and ferocious fathers.

Consider Elias Disney, father of Walt, who dreamed the American dream, not of a place called Home, but of a street called Easy. Born in Canada of restless Anglo-Irish stock, he migrated to Kansas City, married Flora Call, became a citrus grower in Florida for a time. By the time Walt was born in 1901, they had moved to Chicago where he had become a contractor and a failure. They returned to Kansas City. Elias bought a newspaper delivery business, having a convenient labor force raised by his own ungentle hand, namely Herbert, Raymond, Roy and Walt—who was the youngest but one. Little Walt worked "even in the depths of the Kansas City winter, which often brought several feet of snow" white, and he was warmed rose-red by the "beatings his father was in the habit of administering." Walt's childhood was distinctly not a "happy time," but rather Dickensian, and his parent had a stepfatherish cast to him.

In 1917 Elias moved back to Chicago, where he bought into a "small factory" (his enterprises like his son's tended toward weeness). Walt, to help out, spent that summer as a news butcher on the Santa Fe, following in the steps of Thomas Edison, but though he had a lifelong love of trains, the boy's inclination was not toward a woodshed laboratory but an attic atelier. Against his father's wishes Walt had taken art lessons in Kansas City; a photograph of him at 12 reveals a sensitive if rather mousy face with an indrawn introspective gaze.

With a friend, young Walt worked up an amateur vaudeville act. From this essentially Horatio Alger story he leapt in 1917 into Hemingway country, enlisting in the Ambulance Corps, and landed in France assigned to a canteen unit as a driver. While in the army he became unofficial cartoonist for his unit; returned to the States in 1919, he set up as a professional illustrator in Kansas City with Ubbe "Ub" Iwerks. The joint venture was the first of several, from commercial hackwork to animated cartoon ads for movie theaters, and from there to their first continuity film, a series entitled *Alice's Wonderland*, which took them to Hollywood. He did not invent a better mousetrap but he perfected a superior mouse, and the world beat a pathway to the Bijou. It is a success story, a mushrooming of organizational power and wealth inextricably tied to the popular culture of a mass society, nor was it a matter of mere chance.

There was Iwerks, for one, who actually created Mickey Mouse. Disney quickly built around himself a complex organization of artists and technicians capable of combining their talents to produce a corporate product. This was the first Disneyland, and Christopher Finch leaves no doubts as to who was boss. From first to last Disney supervised his productions, a commercial artist in all senses of the word—call it "craft" if you will—and though he was willing to leave a certain *Mäuseraum* for creativity on the part of his helpers (mostly the kind of funny tricks called "business" by show folks) the Santa of this workshop always took care to sketch out the main line of action. Finch tells us that Disney's competitors tried to obtain the secret of his success by luring his men away—Iwerks was one of the first to go—but there was no part that could not be replaced.

But that Disney Productions did not

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fade suggests that there was another factor at work—namely *work*. From the start, beyond laughter the appeal of animated cartoons was based on sheer technical virtuosity. Disney continued to succeed because he kept improving his product, bringing his automatons closer to a perfect similitude of life, and he was able to do so because of an ever-increasing staff of technicians and artists.

One man's fun is another's source of income; Disney's success was due in more ways than one to the Depression, to the same conditions that made the Big Bands and marathons and all other cheap, popular diversions possible—namely lousy wages. From Busby Berkley's choreography to the Rockettes, show business of the '30s was a matter of laborious syncopation, entertainment's version of an assembly line. People found surcease of sorrow in Mickey Mouse because they were (luckily) still working in some other factory for pay similar to that which made their laughter possible. What the mousemakers did for diversion is not discussed by Christopher Finch, though he does inform us that Walt made up a polo team of studio employees during the Depression, but somehow Finch doesn't make it sound like fun, only like more work.

Along came the war, and grateful Americans filled their lunchpails and went whistling off to work on the most massive syncopation effort since the building of the pyramids, a demonstration of technical perfection which Americans are still engaged in and which we have until recently called prosperity. Disney became unofficial cartoonist for the army, navy, marines and air corps, but his empire was never the same afterward. The Golden Age of Animation was over, and it was all Davy Crockett and Mary Poppins from that point on—and Disneyland. Christopher Finch's commentary leaves little to be desired so far as Walt Disney Productions are concerned. He makes it perfectly clear that Disney's Magic Kingdom is a sort of three-dimensional cartoon, animation in-the-round. Disneyland, that is to say, is Mickey Mouse in the flesh. And Mickey Mouse, as Finch points out, is basically a configuration of circles, the form that lends itself best to the repetitious duplication necessary to animation. For this reason it was called "lollipop art," and certainly, as one of Disney's apologists explains, "circles have never hurt anybody—they are women's breasts and clouds and other soft forms," which is true enough, and those things make money.

But what Finch does not point out is that some of Disney's most successful films are lollipop art with a vengeance, featuring fables in which the circle is not only the basic unit of composition but the plot-line as well. "Everything," as in *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*, "returns to normal." As I recall, the circles dominating the final frames of *The Three Little Pigs* are two little realistic behinds being spanked by a machine invented by the practical one in the '30s version of a hard hat. Pinocchio is a retelling of one of those nasty Victorian fables about what happens to little boys who get out of line. Though Mickey Mouse was conceived as a manic creature, Charlie Chaplin in a mouse suit, the sound and fury got channeled into Donald Duck and Mickey became a straight man, or rather "an average boy," the norm to which everything refers and to which everything returns. Including Mickey. This is the stick inside the lollipop, just as the *schtick* inside those Volkskultur confections Grimm's Fairy Tales is "better behave . . . or else."

There is, I suppose, no harm in all of this, no more than in any fairy tale. Again, as artist-technocrat Disney was a kindly dictator, and what's the harm in his plastic Byzantiums? What worries me is not Disney so much as people like Christopher Finch, who see a very good thing in Disney's world and call it the world of the future, with its monorails, infrastructures, access tunnels and the rest. What is America's idea of Utopia, after all, but technical perfection enjoyed by happy people? I felt strange when I read that in one section of *The Three Little Pigs*, that popular parable of the '30s, the Big Bad Wolf "approached the brick home of the practical pig in the guise of a Jewish peddler." Because I remembered that when the wolf finally gets into the brick house, he ends up in the fire. Finch hastens to explain that when the picture was released once again for post-holocaust consumption, the "unfortunate lapse in taste" was "revamped to eliminate this element." That's right, "*eliminate this element.*" Which made it technically more perfect, I guess.

Finch writes that "the concept of giving people what they want is often held up to ridicule, but the truth of the matter is that we rarely get an opportunity to see this kind of philosophy in action." I wonder how he managed to miss World War II, to say nothing of the past five years. When he talks about "capitalizing on nostalgia" I hear Agnew in the background, and when he says "total theater" I hear those trumpets echoing in the White House. Am I the only one who hears things in the following words? "Animation is the most completely controlled form of film-making imaginable. As we have seen . . . everything is preplanned. Nothing is left to the temperament of stars, to the day-to-day inspirations of director and cameraman, or to the vagaries of light and weather. Disneyland and Walt Disney World are controlled environments." True, if you are going to "appeal to everyone," you must certainly "work with universal concepts," but when you put those concepts to work and call it a "mandate," then that is a "game plan," and somebody's gonna be "it"—i.e., the Big Bad Wolf. We may take some measure of comfort (howevermuch cold) from the fact that Nixon has passed the peak of *Fantasia*, though his most recent performance was staged too close to the Magic Kingdom for me.

The magic city has often gleamed on the American horizon, from John Winthrop's City on a Hill to Ben Franklin's well-ordered City of Brotherly Love to Horatio Alger's City of Success. The city and the fair, from John Bunyan on, have served in literature as perverters of the Protestant ethic, but for most ethical

Earth Pang

The cry
that tore that winter
sky was full of futures
freighted with fears broken
hates turned to hoping and all
the lost wedding dancing of creation
restored.

This world
in its neglected
fundamental splendid
superfluity, once more caressed
by elemental possibility
of graceful
life.

Dark sky
rent toe to top
manger to mountain
by that first gasping
earth embracing, manhood
grasping, waking
cry.

J. BARRIE SHEPHERD

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Protestants they served up a secular version of heaven, around which one could wander all day. Finch points out that world fairs (like county fairs) are something of an ordeal: lacking planning and ease of transport, they numb the senses and make sore the feet, having less an impact than a demolishing effect. When people leave such places, they are glad to get home, but not so Disney's fair, which brings them back for more.

What Disney's World promises is eternal fun, infinite holiday and deathlessness—in short, an urbanized Eden. Take hope all ye who enter here. Well, before Walt Disney there was P. T. Barnum (and Disneyland owes much to Forest Lawn), for there has always been a place in America for dream merchants. But before you enter that promised land, you had better inquire the price, not of entrance but of egress. Keep in mind the labyrinth of tunnels underneath the fun house, for not every wizard is a well-meaning bumbler, nor was the master of Vanity Fair a mouse. If the place is advertised as "total theater" in which "the designer determines what will be seen," then climb aboard the "people mover" with apprehension, because it may turn into a conveyor belt. Walt Disney, Finch tells us, "had an expression which voiced his philosophy in this regard: 'You've got to have a wienie at the end of every street,'" the "philosophy of giving people what they want" reduced to the "concept" of keeping them moving after more. But as wienies and gingerbread men testify, whatever goes into a machine comes out transformed, not always for the best. Take that proverbial mousetrap, for example.

John Seelye

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

JOHN SEELYE *is author of the forthcoming* Dirty Tricks *(Liveright).* J. BARRY SHEPHERD *is minister of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, Wooster, Ohio.* GORDON C. ZAHN *is professor of sociology at the University of Massachusetts and a member of the governing board of SANE.* SIDNEY MONAS *is editor of the recent* Complete Poems of Mandelstam *(State University of New York Press).* PETER MICHELSON *teaches English at Northwestern University.* CRAWFORD WOODS *is a freelance writer who lives in Washington, DC.* REGINA BARNES *has taught at Columbia Teachers College.* JULIA GREEN *is assistant editor of a Wisconsin magazine emphasizing environmental problems.* EVE MERRIAM *is a poet, feminist and author of* Momy's at Work. *(Starline).*

Shared Trouble

Paradise Lost
The Decline of the Auto-Industrial Age
by Emma Rothschild

(Random House; $6.95)

As Emma Rothschild sees it there is little if anything to be said in favor of the automobile, and no reason whatever to buy stock in Ford or General Motors. Americans once loved cars, there was at least some enthusiasm for work on the assembly line, and great cheer in the board rooms of Detroit. Now the industry is in decline, following a course comparable to that of the British railroads in the late 19th century. The dreams of Henry Ford (in the efficiency and economy of mass production) and of Alfred Sloan (in annual styling changes and constant upgrading of cars to make people lust after a new car or two every year or so) have soured. The market is saturated, highways are clogged and dangerous, the air is foul, workers are disgruntled, parking lots full, profit margins down, gas scarce and auto executives depressed and bereft of innovative ideas to reorganize the industry. And the worst surely is yet to come.

Henry Ford in his first cars produced a cheap, practical and efficient means of transportation and Americans fell in love with the automobile. It was the blinding sort of love that has rather quickly got us where we are now, without any alternative (like usable mass transit systems) to driving and cursing.

J. Z. DeLorean, a former GM vice president, and head of Chevrolet, sees the three major threats to the car business as ecology, safety and consumerism. And though that is not a comprehensive list it's a good place to start. Since 1966 more than 30 million cars and trucks have been recalled for correction of safety defects. Even Vegas, initially promoted by GM as a safe car, have had to be recalled for safety problems three times, causing both loss of face and economic hardship in Detroit. Cars are both a cause and symbol of environmental degradation, using up 40 percent of the petroleum burned in the US, and contributing in like amount to the pollution of the air, urban sprawl and the population of cemeteries.

The business press once partial to Detroit is no longer. ("And who wants the nongrowth or slow growth stocks like GM?" asks *Forbes.*) Even the city of Detroit is a mess, abandoned even by the automakers to slums and criminality. Ford's assembly line, a marvel of the US industrial revolution, but seen as dehumanizing even in Chaplin's *Modern Times*, has become the scene of insurrection. Workers often don't come to work and do not work hard when they come. The car business is on the skids, facing decrepitude with no notion of how to reverse the process.

This is the basic and rather familiar story Emma Rothschild has to tell but she does it brilliantly and with the sort of perspective and detachment (attributable I suppose to the fact that she is British) that justifies Jane Jacobs' rave on the jacket: "Emma Rothschild's book . . . explains more than all the highway (pro and con), auto safety and air pollution books put together; it made me feel as if they had all been diddling around on the fringes of the subject, while she has driven straight into it."

Rothschild's analysis may be almost perfect but her way out is less clear, I think, as of course the future always is.

The automobile manufacturers are intent, though without much zest, on persisting in old ways, in forcing mistreated unskilled labor to be more pliant and productive, in pushing the meretricious frills and furbelows that Alfred Sloan believed would enhance growth and hence profits. They have resisted the obvious opportunity to make new safety features a selling point for new cars. (If next year's car is safer than this year's wouldn't consumers be likely to want the new model just as they are now thought to want the latest in vinyl tops?) But traumatized as they have been by auto safety criticism pioneered in the research of men like Daniel P. Moynihan and William Haddon and publicized by Ralph Nader, they have slight interest in auto safety as a way to market automobiles. Rather they are looking for new growth opportunities like making mobile homes and recreational vehicles.

Only four percent of American families have such contraptions. Just think if everybody could be made to want one! Campers and trailers are a good medium for Sloanist upgrading since they can be carpeted and air conditioned and trimmed and vulgarized as only Detroit knows how to do. But recreational vehicles pose many problems too. Many of them are far more unsafe

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than cars; conservationists would ban them from national parks. And competition is fierce among hundreds of manufacturers, not just Ford and Chrysler and General Motors.

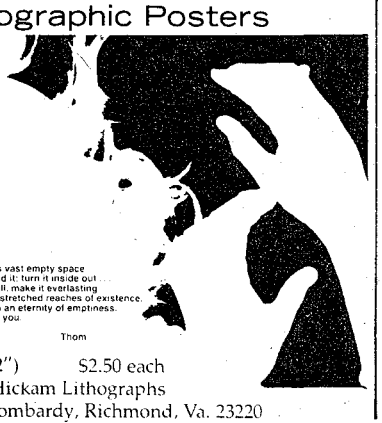
Rothschild herself has some enthusiasm for building simple, inexpensive little city cars that people would rent rather than buy to get around in town when cities finally face the inevitable and ban automobiles, as we know them, from city streets.

The auto manufacturers are looking for salvation primarily in international expansion, creating markets for cars built abroad with cheap labor, exporting highways, smog, congestion and all the other auto evils to Spain, Korea, Australia, Angola, Brazil and even China. South America would be a golden opportunity were it not for political problems. (Argentina we recently learned isn't a safe place for Ford executives.) And there is the virtue that, as Rothschild points out, "By building noxious factories in foreign countries, corporations can help to preserve their own natural environments." The automakers have much more enthusiasm than Rothschild (who has none) in creating consumer markets for frilly cars in underdeveloped countries: "The problem of selling cars to people without bicycles is likely to defy the brightest automotive ingenuity."

Rothschild isn't certain, nor is Detroit, how the industry will adapt to inevitable change, but obviously it is not in control of events. The current energy crisis (resulting at least temporarily in the closing of Cadillac plants), the decline in auto sales (down 4.5 percent in November), the rising tide of worker discontent, the disillusionment of consumers—all of these things support the thesis that the industry is in very big trouble, and that dependent as we all are on the automobile, it's trouble we share.

David Sanford

Lithographic Posters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On Peace and Violence

The Discovery of Peace by R. V. Sampson

(Pantheon; $6.95)

The Concept of Peace by John Macquarrie

(Harper & Row; $4.95)

Violence by John Gunn

(Praeger; $7.50)

A generation of peace, we are told, is upon us. It is perhaps inevitable, then, that alert publishers have set about developing "peace lists" to meet the anticipated demand for books that will help us adjust to the kind of world that has been closed to us for 30 years and more. The three British imports to be discussed here may be viewed as an advance installment; and, though each is seriously flawed in its own way, they do at least set forth the parameters of the problems we must solve. The authors are distinguished. Sampson is lecturer in politics at the University of Bristol; Macquarrie, Lady Margaret professor of divinity at Oxford; and Gunn, senior lecturer in forensic psychiatry at the University of London.

The most interesting, because of the depth of its analysis and the directness of the author's personal commitment, is the Sampson volume. Unfortunately the two virtues fail to mesh as well as they might. The commitment finds expression in a preface, an introduction, the final chapter on "The Nature of Power," and a most challenging epilogue focussing on the Cuban missile crisis and its implications. Taken together these constitute a strong and explicit statement of the book's basic thesis, which is nothing less than the repudiation of the legitimacy of power itself.

Sampson begins with a frank and moving *mea culpa* for having abandoned his youthful resolution never to go to war by accepting military service in the struggle against Hitler. He ends proclaiming a renewed conviction that war can never be justified, a conviction based on his reading of human history as a conflict between the forces of good and evil in which the evil is "made up of the will to power in man" and the good "consists of the renunciation of that will to power and the consequent enlargement of the ability to love."

Strange talk, indeed, from a political scientist, especially so to those familiar with the American practitioners of that discipline who often seem to find its *raison d'être* in the balance-of-power theories they spin and the war-strategy games they play. It is welcome talk, I must add, to a reviewer who shares Sampson's religious pacifist commitment. Because it is so extraordinary a break with the social-science tradition it is a thesis that cries out for direct and systematic development. However, Sampson embarks instead upon an admittedly profound but, in my opinion at least, somewhat peripheral inquiry into what he identifies as Tolstoy's "discovery of peace." From that point on the substance of the book consists of an extended literary commentary upon a single novel *(War and Peace)* in which special attention is given to the contributions of deMaistre, Stendhal, Herzen and Proudhon to that "discovery." As a contribution to the history of ideas, the book has unchallenged merit; as a study of the nature of power as a cause of war, its approach is indirect.

There are other problems. As Sampson himself notes, it was the later Tolstoy, not the author of the Napoleonic masterpiece, whose writings explicitly repudiated war and account for the influence he has had upon succeeding generations of pacifist thought. In spite of the persuasive case he makes for a "latent," or unrealized, pacifism in the events and characters portrayed in the novel, one is never quite convinced that those inferences, compelling though they may be, are not more to Sampson's credit than to Tolstoy's. Even were this not so, the question would remain as to how much can be claimed for such a latently pacifist *War and Peace* in terms of direct influence upon the behavior of others. There is little hard evidence that its message has been translated into principled rejection of war and military service (as seems to have been the case, for instance, for so comparatively minor a work as *All Quiet on the Western Front).* We are left with a somewhat esoteric analysis of themes and characterizations, impressive as an exercise in literary scholarship, but not always tied in clearly and convincingly with the thesis it presumably was intended to

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support. That thesis and the personal commitment behind it would have been served more effectively by being given the center of the stage.

Dr. Macquarrie's little book sets out to explore the philosophical and theological "concept" of peace and, in the process, provides an embarrassingly clear example of why Christianity has failed to come to terms with the grim actualities of war and violence. The style is hesitant ambiguity which too often passes for prudence, each seemingly significant affirmation carefully encased in an assortment of reservations or possible alternative interpretations. He comes close to Sampson in recognizing that "the will to power can become a great evil," but even this conditional mode is prefaced with the assertion that the desire for power and freedom of action is so natural to the human being that "he cannot be human without it"! Where Sampson flatly rejects the possibility of a just war, Macquarrie returns to the "traditional teaching of Christian moral theologians" for an answer to "the agonizing question" of when and in what circumstances Christians may resort to violence. Not a definitive answer, of course—in fact he is prepared to agree with critics who dismiss these teachings as obsolete "if one is thinking of international wars, waged on the grand scale with nuclear weapons and the like." As theological reflection, the book may contribute something to the understanding of peace. The Christian to whom it is addressed will be sadly disappointed, however, if he expects to find much in the way of specific moral or behavioral guidance in its pages.

Finally, there is Gunn and his survey of the various theories (ethological, psychological, sociological, etc.) of violence. My first reaction here is one of annoyance over the superficiality of the effort until I realized that by following through on all the sources cited in the footnotes I had completed a fairly thorough course in the study of violence, its causation, and prospects for its control. Since this is all one can properly ask of an introductory survey, it can be recommended even though it offers little more than snippets and leads whereas discussion in depth would be preferred. Recommendation, incidentally, does not imply acceptance of Gunn's own philosophical premise that "aggression is inherent in the nature of man." Nor does it imply sharing his somewhat interesting tendency to equate highway accidents with war.

To be fair, the basic problem with all three books may be more context than content. Esoteric literary analysis, theological speculations, and even violence on the road do not now seem adequate as responses to the pressing need to take the true measure of war and violence. In 1956 Sampson was reconverted to the pacifism of his youth by his revulsion against the British adventure in Suez—but what was Suez compared to the atrocity of Vietnam? With Mylai to reflect on—to say nothing of other excesses still to come if, as one suspects, that "generation of peace" proves to be a snare and a delusion—we simply must insist upon less ambiguous answers to Dr. Macquarrie's question, "Does Christianity condone violence?" than he is prepared to give. In this respect it is well that Sampson reminds us of Tolstoy and the others who did have answers to give. Perhaps, using them as guides, we may reach the point where "the struggle for liberation against the tyranny of power by non-violent disobedience" will be possible, and with it the "stable and peaceful existence" Sampson believes it will bring.

Gordon C. Zahn

The Fire Burns

Ten Years After Ivan Denisovich by Zhores Medvedev

(Knopf; $6.95)

Solzhenitsyn's friend, the distinguished geneticist and gerontologist Zhores Medvedev, an important figure in the struggle for civil liberties in the Soviet Union who was recently forced into exile during what he thought was a year's "research leave" in England, has written the publication-history of Solzhenitsyn's first novel, a chronicle rather than a work of literary criticism, understated, bare and factual, yet quite a story.

Between 1956 and 1958, having returned from his long years in a labor camp, Solzhenitsyn wrote *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* partially in response to the mood of the destalinization campaign. He submitted it for publication considerably later, and its actual appearance in the November 1962 issue of the literary journal, *Novy Mir*, depended very much on the adroit maneuvering and extraordinary courage of that journal's editor—the secondary hero of this chronicle—Alexander Tvardovsky. Its publication required a policy decision at the very highest levels of the party apparatus. That decision implied as well the pursuit of destalinization—the further discrediting of Stalin and his "mistakes"—and the opening of the bitter subject of the camps, which had been touched on before but never really depicted with anything resembling the full power of Solzhenitsyn's story.

From the very beginning there were attacks on Solzhenitsyn. But he was to some degree a protected personage. He very rapidly became famous. Through its various editions the novel sold over a million copies. No less a personage than the Central Committee's secretary for ideology, F. I. Ilyichev, praised Solzhenitsyn publicly, and Khrushchev was rumored to have been deeply moved by the novel. But the flood of prison manuscripts, memoirs, stories, poems, novels that poured into all Soviet editorial offices must have had something to do with the party reappraisal and reversal that then took place. Solzhenitsyn was nominated for a Lenin prize, but even before the judges met it seemed clear that it would not be awarded to him. About a year later he was expelled from the Writers' Union and constantly harassed by the organs of state security. Except for four short stories, nothing he wrote after *Ivan Denisovich* was published in the Soviet Union except through *samizdat*, the system of "self-publishing" in typewritten copies clandestinely circulated.

Intrigues against him were devious, persistent and bizarre. They included the confiscation and publication in a limited edition of a bitter verse drama, *The Feast of the Conquerors*, that he had written in prison camp and never intended to publish. Excerpts from this work were then quoted against him to demonstrate the nature of his opposition to the regime. More and more he became a national and a world figure, and with the macabre incidents that surrounded the award to him of the Nobel Prize it often seemed as though the regime were treating with him as

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it might with a foreign power.

Medvedev's chronicle is a kind of emblematic history of the whole Khrushchev-Brezhnev era, for what happened to *Ivan Denisovich* and its author was what happened to the "thaw," to destalinization and liberalization. Issues were raised and not only not pursued, but rejected. The problem of eliminating the monstrous caprice and arbitrariness of Stalin's rule, while at the same time sustaining the absolute authority of the party that Stalin had used as the administrative instrument of that caprice, was confronted by the leadership and then withdrawn. The waters pressing against the gates were too dark, too full, too threatening. In that withdrawal Solzhenitsyn kept calling attention to the darkness, kept insisting that the mission of literature was truth, that without the truth of memory there could be no literature and no life worth living. At first his message seemed to reinforce what the party leaders themselves had begun to say. But then he wouldn't stop talking—about the camps, about the past, about Czechoslovakia, about the KGB, about the Writers' Union subservience to a politics that was death to literature. He refused to recognize the "legitimacy" of KGB harassments; he refused to recognize the authority of unlettered party officials over literature, or any authority other than open discussion and informed criticism. To allow him to go on would mean for the party "to give up literature."

Protected in part by his enormous reputation, Solzhenitsyn has nevertheless been hounded, isolated and muted. There is a kind of cossack, Old Believer stubbornness in his resistance. At the same time he has responded deeply to the representative nature of his role and he has been one of the very few Soviet dissidents able to bridge, however precariously, the great gaps among dissenters themselves—between the revolutionary and the national conscience, religion and socialism, the intelligentsia and the mass. He has spoken out not only for the freedom of his own work, but also for all the oppressed.

Spokesmanship and artistic integrity do not go well together. Yet Solzhenitsyn has managed to sustain them both. He has resisted the temptation that must have confronted him for his martyrdom itself, to usurp the truth being witnessed, that "right thing for the wrong reason," as T. S. Eliot called it. His range and depth as a novelist have constantly increased. At no point has he become a "message" novelist: those who have read his play *Candle in the Wind* know that the critics who attributed a "technocratic" message to his *August, 1914* wrote nonsense. Technocracy was a theme and not a message. Nor is his ongoing argument with Tolstoy either Tolstoyism or anti-Tolstoyism; it is rather a dialogue with one of the powerful presences—Dostoevsky is another—that preside over his work. He has recently begun a historical novel of immense scope and great complexity. No doubt the conflict between his "spokesmanship" and his art is a tearing one, and on that fire he burns, yet it has enhanced and not diminished his gifts as an artist. It is extraordinary; and this chronicle of persecution and resistance shows only indirectly what has to be seen directly in the works themselves—Solzhenitsyn keeps growing.

Medvedev, Solzhenitsyn's friend since 1964, when the novelist wrote him in support of his stand against Lysenko, has now been barred from returning to the Soviet Union. But this important and moving book makes its own contribution to the cause of truth, which is the cause of an unblinking encounter with unpleasant facts.

Sidney Monas

Out Alive

Prisoner of Mao
by Bao Ruo-wang (Jean Pasqualini) and Rudolph Chelminski
(Coward, McCann & Geoghegan; $8.95)

Compared to all the talk about stifling liberty in the Soviet Union, there have been few references to the issue of freedom in China, the other Communist giant currently being courted by the Nixon administration. This neglect, it seems to me, largely stems from our fashionable tendency to view present-day China through rose-colored spectacles as a uniquely dynamic society in which individuals voluntarily subordinate themselves to the common revolutionary cause and where, as a consequence, dissent is rare. That view is, of course, illusory. China has undergone a series of internal political upheavals since the Communists took power in 1949, and each episode has sent thousands of Chinese into labor camps. The result is that China now has a vast

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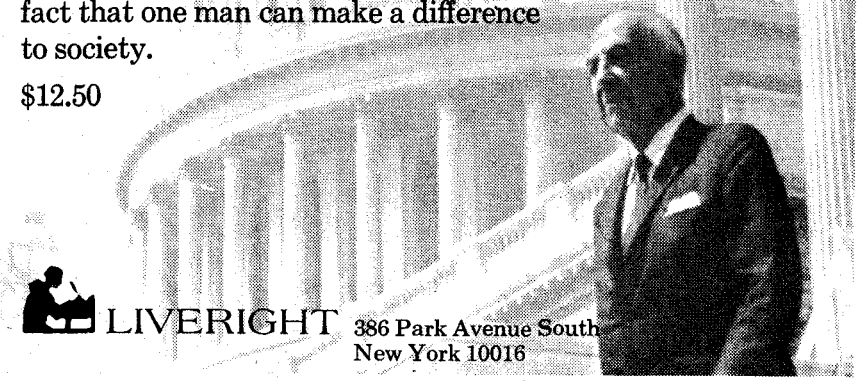

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and pervasive prison culture, different from that of Stalinist Russia only in the fact that it is economically productive and, in theory at least, dedicated to the ideological reform of its inmates. In *Prisoner of Mao* Bao Ruo-wang provides a most insightful description of this prison culture, and I would agree with John Fairbank's judgment that the book is "probably a classic."

Bao, whose French name is Jean Pasqualini, is the son of a Chinese mother and Corsican father. His father served in China at the time of his birth in 1926. A French citizen, he was educated by Catholic missionaries and later worked as a civilian with the US military forces in China. In December 1957, during an anti-rightist campaign, he was arrested and spent the next seven years in labor reform camps, gaining his release and expulsion from China only after de Gaulle recognized the Peking regime in 1964. Bao's account of his ordeal is one of the most vivid recitations of prison life I know.

More significantly, Bao remained detached enough during his experience to analyze the Chinese penal approach, almost a mirror of China itself. Along with their hunger and other deprivations, Bao and his fellow captives underwent treatment that was supposed to cleanse their souls. Their existence was a series of meetings and mutual-denunciation sessions through which they could expiate their sins and emerge as new Communist men. For most of them, of course, this ideal was never attained, and they died in some remote settlement in the frozen stretches of Manchuria. Yet the system operated as if salvation lay ahead, and the theological tone of the exercise was not unlike the religious atmosphere that pervades all of China.

What is remarkable in this system, moreover, is that the prison guards are not ruffians but more like rigorous chaplains who seem to believe that their wards are going to be reformed. Bao describes them as highly moralistic, devoted, even self-sacrificing at times. On one occasion a warden criticized Bao for allowing his wife to steal vegetables from the prison garden. On another, when a guard kicked him, Bao complained that physical punishment was against the rules and the guard apologized with the promise that he would confess his error to his comrades at a forthcoming political meeting. For all his suffering, then, Bao left his incarceration with respect for the fanatical honesty of the Communists.

It was a cruel experience; Bao, because of his accidental French nationality, eventually gained his release. His fellow inmates recognized that he might one day be freed to tell their story: during one period, when Bao was weak with malnutrition, they carefully nursed him back to health, telling him: "We want to get you out alive. Can't you understand that?" He did come out alive, and his account not only tells of those he left behind but also serves as an epitaph for the millions of captives buried in prisons around the world.

Stanley Karnow

Rearview Mirror

Writers in Revolt: The Anvil Anthology edited by Jack Conroy and Curt Johnson

(Lawrence Hill & Co.; $8.95, $3.95 paper)

A "little magazine" that succeeded *The Anvil* of the '30s introduced itself in 1939, on the eve of a war that would make its movement ancient history by 1945, in this way: "*The New Anvil* . . . reaffirms those ideals it first sought to vivify . . . poetry and prose imbued with the struggles and aspirations of those who do the useful work of the world and who fight incessantly against forces which seek to nullify the progress mankind has so painfully achieved." We have something to learn from an innocence and urgency—and the humanistic faith underlying them—that can juxtapose the brilliantly simple phrase, "those who do the useful work of the world," with the tired revolutionary romanticism of "imbued with the struggles and aspirations of . . ." and "who fight incessantly against forces which . . . ."

In our modern literary environment bracketed by journalistic modishness and intellectual sophistication it's hard to see where these simple and straightforward proletarian poetics will now find a hearing. Some of the stories in this anthology are very good, a few more are interesting, but the poetry—mercifully there is little included—is now all but impossible to read. Nor does Jack Conroy's admirably modest and informative introduction, perhaps the most interesting part of the book, claim an esthetic breakthrough: "Much of the stuff we published in *The Anvil* was rough-hewn and awkward, but bitter and alive from the furnace of experience . . . We simply were plowing a comparatively untilled field, one whose freshness and novelty soon invited the attention of others."

Conroy is quite aware that its vitality and freshness in the '30s is not what recommends this writing to the '70s. Ironically, given his sense of roughness as a virtue, Conroy and his co-editor, Curt Johnson, have generally selected the smoother and more literary pieces for inclusion. There are no examples here of those homilies whose endings were punctuated with such bold-face epithets as "DON'T STARVE! FIGHT!" nor of that sort of agit-prop verse beginning "Russia, Russia, hope of the world," under a banner heading, "FOR THE EMBATTLED MINERS OF AMERICA," which in fact gave *The Anvil* much of the bitter energy invoked by Conroy. Even with such names as Nelson Algren, Erskine Caldwell, Conroy, James T. Farrell, Langston Hughes, William Carlos Williams, Thomas McGrath, Kenneth Patchen and Karl Shapiro gracing the contents, the appeal of this anthology is not esthetic. Neither, unfortunately, does it really represent the proletarian energy that characterized *The Anvil*.

What is missing in this retrospective volume is an immediate sense of the "furnace of experience" that allowed *The Anvil* and its fellows, *The Rebel Poet* and *The New Anvil*, to transcend esthetic sophistication. What made these magazines exciting was their clear belief: the working people mattered, there was a literature for them, and together they could make a revolution and a new life. These were not *literary* magazines in the manner of *Poetry* or *The Dial*, they were documents of their time, however much some of their writers did transcend it. *The Anvil* was an important factor in the development of social realism in American literature, but *The Anvil* didn't give a hoot for American literature. The Nelson Algren who wrote intriguing stories and bad verse for *The*

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Anvil is not the Nelson Algren who sold *The Man With the Golden Arm* to Hollywood. Whereas the Erskine Caldwell of *The Anvil* is the Erskine Caldwell of *Tobacco Road*. The touchstone is Jack Conroy, editor of *The Anvil* and author of *The Disinherited*, whose work, so thoroughly committed to its proletarian documentary, obviously never tempted the entertainment industry. And in the face of modernism on the one hand and local color exoticism on the other, American literature has never really known what to do with it either. Algren and Caldwell left their *Anvil* days behind; but Conroy, for better or worse, was what he was. When *The Anvil*, under political pressure, was forced to merge with *Partisan Review*, Conroy didn't go with it. He was a populist not a Marxist. Nor, as *Partisan* has long since changed its tune, could he have been a camp follower. *The Anvil*, like Conroy himself perhaps, is history, its energy derived from specific time and circumstances.

This book would have done more real service had it been a complete photocopy edition of *The Anvil* magazines. For even at their worst, most especially perhaps at their esthetic worst, their writers voiced outrage at civilized corruption that today embarrasses our amusingly elegant manners. One wants, for example, to be able to read J. G. Balch's "Telephone Call," a sentimental vignette about an impoverished child who is unable to borrow a nickel to telephone her father that her baby brother has just died, without the condescension our highbrow stance demands. One has to have the full context to be touched by the documentary drama of people who really believed they could build proletarian poetics, and that it would *matter*. This ought to say something to an age that can write anything it wants, not because society is free, but because literature simply doesn't matter.

Proletarian esthetics still live, though in forms altered almost beyond recognition. World War II changed the American psyche, blunted its proletarian polemic. The Beats, taking their cue perhaps from the Hollywood version of *The Man With the Golden Arm*, turned poverty into lyricism. Still proletarian themes survive. The powerlessness of men, bureaucratic evil, religious hypocrisy, the liberal dilemma, black power, revolution—albeit sexual and cultural, all of these are as important today as they are prominent in *The Anvil* anthology.

Which brings us to what a proletarian esthetic has to say to us now. Both the objectivity of "modernism" and the subjectivity of "postmodernism" have shoehorned us into a kind of solipsism, where the tribulations of the ego are the principal focus, represented either as the extravagantly rhetorical malaise of a culture *(Lolita)* or as a bad joke *(Portnoy's Complaint)*. Proletarian esthetics remind us of the viability of materialism: the ego exists also in a social context, literature has responsibility also to society, and a literature ignoring or scoffing at that responsibility rather than finding new and vital ways to serve it does so at its peril.

Though at their best some apostles of involution and self-consciousness—e.g., Barth and Barthelme—satirize rather than succumb to the effeteness of literary culture, Jack Conroy, whose novel *The Disinherited* (1933) has recently been reissued, and *The Anvil Anthology* reemerge to remind us of where we've been and where we still have to go. For those to whom proletarian writing is an academic rumor, it is now visible and available. Those who know the literature will be put once again in touch with a populist energy that is what is perhaps most American about American literature.

Peter Michelson

Crawford Woods on TV

Bunkerism

> The strongest episode thus far? There've been so many. I won an award for integrating Sammy Davis, no pun intended, into Archie Bunker's life . . . Edith's menopause . . . Mike's temporary impotence . . . homosexuality . . . horsemeat . . . all break-through shows. But, first, entertainment!

I received "All in the Family" on its premiere some three years ago as a "welcome breath of stale air," and did not suppose it would have any extraordinary longevity. No more did CBS, which put the show on tape to cut expenses and aired it in what's known as "Death Valley," a time slot opposite blockbuster competition where ratings are neither courted nor expected.

The wonder is that CBS put it on at all, for it was strong stuff in its day, a sitcom that chose to call a spade a spade, not to mention a nigger. It had come from under the wing of a BBC series (Bertrand Russell once said that old philosophies when they die are reborn in America as discoveries of local professors) which offered British viewers four years' worth of their social shortcomings. An American version surfaced in 1969 as a pilot rejected by ABC, was finally taken by CBS and aired in 1970 in a much-rewritten form. According to producer-director John Rich, the show almost died on schedule in its first season, but generally good critical response and an excited grapevine sent it into reruns where it was discovered in a big way and reborn.

Its success story since then hardly needs retelling. It has become a small, authentic slice of American pie, no time capsule complete without a piece of it. There are book and record spin-offs, Archie Bunker for President bumper strips, and more than a few Archie Bunker for President votes.

Now, three years later, there is little I would change in my original response: "Minus its savage bent, the show would have been a routine sample of what's been cluttering prime time for 20 years—fumbling, lovable Dad, vague sweet Mom, full-of-mischief kids. But here Dad's undercoat of amiable viciousness is revealed, Mom's indirection becomes pathetic, and the kids are offered as a paradigm of our righteous, striving young." But there is something I would add—a dim suspicion that Archie Bunker may not be a healthy hero for our time after all. The notion got no support from Rich—a large and largely unknown force behind the show's success from the beginning—when he was asked if he thought "All in the Family" was as likely to polarize viewers as to unify them:

"Look, it's a 24-minute entertainment, and that's all. I would be foolish to put anything so important on such a little section of our lives. It won't contribute to bigotry, or erase it. It won't change things."

Maybe not. But it's in the nature of TV to alter what it mirrors, to shape the way we live in its reflection, to put a new ripple in the pond. An observation fre-

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quently made about "All in the Family" is that the views of Archie Bunker are taken, not as parody, but as a legitimization of *their* views by a sizable part of the audience. How does Rich feel about that?

"I don't know . . . we have no facilities for audience research . . . and as far as I know the research hasn't been done. But I'm always getting letters from Ph.D. candidates asking for scripts."

Although this is one of the most fascinating aspects of the show it is evidently not a fruitful line of inquiry. Like most people concerned with the success of a network product—and the name of the game is delivering audience to advertisers, whether you're talking about "Gunsmoke" or "Civilisation"—Rich, while proud of his program's "breakthroughs," stresses that its core is entertainment. When I asked about the ways major social issues are handled on the show, the producer replied quickly:

"We never start with social issues. Our first job is to be entertaining." Pause. "Of course, there's fallout conversation in the political area."

But how close to the bone? It would seem natural that a man like Archie Bunker would hold strong opinions on social issues, even the less entertaining ones. Impeachment, for example; but Rich says he stays away from that "because events are moving so swiftly." On the other hand, Archie was talking about Watergate even before it snowballed, and, according to Rich, he's been responsible for some extraordinary, if coincidental, social forecasting: he called a Japanese a Jap before Ehrlichman's lawyer used the word, and meditated on something like a letter bomb before that ugly vogue caught on. In one episode, faced with an empty home oil heater, he snaps out, "Thanks, Arabs." The show was aired the day before the Mideast war erupted.

Technically as well as textually, "All in the Family" is a far more interesting program than most. Rich puts it together during a 16-hour day the way Glenn Gould puts together a Bach recording, splicing the best bits from a quantity of raw material. Each episode is played in front of two audiences, one at 5:30 and one at 8:00, and lines and laughter are used from both. A remark one character made on the first show will get a response from the second if Rich's instinct tells him the second line is best. "We resist the easy laugh for the true laugh." The editing problems are fierce. Internal dialogue edits are frequent, and four cameras are employed instead of the usual three to open new possibilities of pace in a program locked to interiors. The editing by Rich and his able associates is all but invisible.

So is the audience. Nobody knows exactly who watches Archie Bunker—no research!—but it is known how many people do. (Lots.) Nobody knows for sure who's laughing with, and who at, him. Early studio audiences apparently felt some awkwardness about it; Rich notes that they had to be trained to laugh by their developing familiarity with the show. Seventy-six episodes later everybody knows when to break up, and the case and crew are going strong—"our neuroses are meshing together."

It's a fair prescription for a good series, and compared with the competition "All in the Family" *is* a pretty good series. And it's an American institution, like laughter, bigotry or both. Has Rich special plans for the future of the show? He laughs. "We owe the world 10 episodes—I can't think beyond that. In England, the original had only eight new shows a season. That's civilization."

COMING

Peter Ognibene reconsiders Richard Hofstadter's *The American Political Tradition*, 25 years after its publication.

Old Master

Judith and Other Stories by James T. Farrell

(Doubleday; $7.95)

The works of James T. Farrell cannot be discussed singly. His 22 novels, 14 collections of short stories, essays, literary criticism and poetry all center on his pessimistic determinism, conditioned by personal experiences and confirmed through intense observation of the human scene. He is indeed considered by some to be the literary heir of Upton Sinclair and Theodore Dreiser through his consistent depiction of urban decay, social corruption and individual despair.

In *Studs Lonigan* (1935) Farrell created an epochal document detailing as no one has surpassed, the environment of prejudice, inferiority, foamy sentiment and violence of lower working class Chicago. This was succeeded by the Danny O'Neill pentalogy, the Bernard Carr trilogy (major but unevenly written novels) and over 200 short stories—often peopled with recurring characters, like faces in changing crowds, contorted always by the same hopeless grimace.

Judith and Other Stories presents few surprises. It possesses both the major deficiencies and cumulative persuasion of many of Farrell's preceding works. The themes of the 11 stories are familiar, the style is flat and the characters one-dimensional. These are dwarfish people even when the author, as in the title story, stresses monotonously his protagonists' highly applauded musicianship and literary productiveness. The banality of their relationship and the drone of their self-expression belie the credibility of Farrell's insistence upon their artistry.

Of the 11 stories, reflective of the author's organic thesis that "the conditions of American life create alienated and truncated personalities," only three succeed in arousing interest or empathy. "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" is a moving account of the tedious hardship experienced by the common laborer. One is pierced by the meaningless work, futile resentment and unnoticed hysteria in Bill Eliot's daily life. In "Mr. Austin," Eddie Ryan, a Farrell spokesman, effectively relates the struggle of a petty stockbroker to maintain respectability against inevitable, faceless defeat. "Tom Carroll," a lengthy and perhaps partly autobiographical story, concerns the faded days of a former radical, "hero" and esteemed historian. He is betrayed by his wife, denounced as a fascist by his son and viewed with estranged puzzlement by drifting friends. But Carroll is too tired to express his political insight which far excels that of his detractors. Fatigue overcomes him—as it does most of the characters in the other stories.

Nevertheless the complete collection succeeds in presenting a compassionate kaleidoscope of man's limitations and hapless yearning for a meaningful existence. Leslie Fiedler's comment on Farrell's prolific creativity may well, however, be revived upon this volume's appearance: "James T. Farrell has some contemporary admirers who are a few surly defenders."

Regina Barnes

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Rugged Subject

Humbug: The Art of P. T. Barnum by Neil Harris

(Little, Brown; $10)

When P. T. Barnum's autobiography was circulated in London in 1885 the guardians of British culture were aghast. At 44 the great showman had written an exposé of his own career of humbug. He told of lying about Tom Thumb's age and his doubts about the legitimacy of his Feegee mermaid. Then he bragged about the honesty of his account, and proceeded with his hoaxing for another 40 years. Swindlers were nothing new, the British complained, but none had the effrontery to boast of their deceit. If Americans had such a tolerance for trickery they deserved what they got, said *Punch*, touting Barnum for President of the US.

Barnum regarded their criticism as praise. He dedicated his book to the "Universal Yankee Nation" and prided himself on possessing the New World virtues of ruthlessness and cunning. At the same time he believed that men would live in despair without trust in something; and thought belief in the Feegee mermaid was as good a faith as any. Elaborating on this complex, ambitious businessman, master entertainer and philanthropist, Neil Harris touches the source and appeal of Barnum's genius.

Raised on the hard-boiled cynicism of rural Connecticut, Barnum learned early that a blink of the eye could end in a swindle. Determined not to be bested, he set about his worldly education in good American style, and worked his way to fame as a speculator, lecturer, politician, reformer and rogue, the creator of the American museum and the superintendent of "The Greatest Show on Earth." British humorists were right, as Harris says, in naming Barnum the "type and symbol of the glorious Republic."

Barnum worked for temperance and against slavery, spoke for kindness to children and animals and loved money. When a reformer charged him with cruelty in the use of children in a family acrobatics act Barnum offered his challenger $200 to exhibit himself as "the man who wanted to take the bread out of those children's mouths."

Harris permits himself the luxury of moralizing about the age of rugged individualism and its demise. Still he does his subject justice, so it's easy to forgive his solemn philosophizing at the end.

Julia Green

Various People

Somos Chicanos: Strangers in Our Own Land by David Gomez

(Beacon Press; $8.95)

There are some five million Chicanos in this nation, our second largest minority. Like the blacks they have been here a long time—even longer than the blacks or the white settlers who came here from England in the early 17th century. They speak Spanish, are of mixed blood: part Spanish, part Indian. They are a proud, religious people. Many of them are intensely loyal to the land; in New Mexico they cling to it, for all the hardships involved, or in Texas or California they work as migrant farmers, always on the move, always at the mercy of those who recruit them and send them about like cattle, or the growers and the "guards" they employ, or the police, who usually have a way of knowing who is rich and important and who is utterly vulnerable. For a long time Chicanos have been not only vulnerable but also afraid to assert themselves. They have been silent, passive, all too willing to take it on the chin, as we learn in this book by David Gomez, a Chicano activist, who also happens to be a Catholic priest, an essayist and a law student. His many interests bring breadth and vitality to his writing. He offers us in a relatively slim volume a good history of his people, a description of their present situation, and an analysis of what is happening and will most likely happen as yet another "group" in this nation begins to assert itself.

Particularly helpful is the author's patient, careful analysis of Chicano family life and alas, the way children grow up to feel removed from others in the society. As the author says, much of what he presents has been written before, by Carey McWilliams in his comprehensive and pioneering *North from Mexico* (1948) and by a number of social and political activists who have written with proper indignation and passion. But polemical essayists do not always have a sensitive eye for the nuances of social behavior; nor do they always want to stress the complexities of mental life. David Gomez is as angry as he should be, and as committed to a political struggle he knows will not be easy, especially as long as the present occupant of the White House remains there. But in the end a people "liberated" is a people free to express its range of attitudes and interests. This book makes clear that Chicanos have long been, and will no doubt continue to be a people of various interests and inclinations. It is refreshing to find a book so dedicated to the explication of social struggle, yet not shrill, grandiose, or consumed by hate or self-righteousness. David Gomez' various occupational interests seem to reflect a certain balance of mind and heart that is by no means common.

Robert Coles

Credible Theory

Multinational Companies and the Third World by Louis Turner

(Hill and Wang; $7.95)

The theories Mr. Turner presents in this book are credible and frightening. They're credible because he describes them coolly, not siding with what he calls the "radicals" or the "pessimists," but measuring his compassion with a very tough appraisal of what can and can't be done. When he writes about multinational companies in South Africa, for example, he doesn't hedge his moral judgment: "South Africa is a police state in which about 4 million whites live off the backs of some 16 million non-whites . . . It is a brutish, repressive society with over 2000 arrests a day . . . and one hundred judicial

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executions (almost entirely non-whites) each year, a good half of all the world's known executions." He recognizes that any investment there is exploitative, and says that "multinationals who argue that they are building bridges [between black and white] are kidding themselves." But he argues that companies already established there should stay put and act as reformers. "No locally owned company is ever going to pioneer schemes like giving blacks equal pay and equal job opportunities with whites, but the multinationals can be pressured in those directions."

Turner believes that people have overrated the political clout of multinationals, and that in 20 years both they and the wealthy consumer countries that support them will be far more sensitive to "third world" demands. He foresees a growing animosity between rich and poor countries as the poor ones begin to feel the hopelessness of their situation and the rich become stingier with aid. Things will get so bad that poor nations—whether ruled by Marxists or rightist generals—will demand and receive large concessions from the multinationals, yet still have no chance of catching up with the developed world. They will bitterly resent it. The ecology gap will make negotiations between the poor and rich infinitely more complex, and possibly become a sort of tool for extortion. But as Turner says, "multinationals thrive on complexity . . . there is no reason why any foreseeable ecological crisis should limit their activities." So his guess is that Exxon, ITT and others will be with us for a long time, but less and less influential.

Eliot Marshall

Fine Print

Doris Grumbach

I was vastly entertained by *The Entertaining Woman's Cookbook,* now made available to the great mass of American women (Bantam; $1.25). I am convinced that no one should be without this Louise Montague Athearn text, which seems to me an essential guide to living. The cover tells us that it contains "hundreds of man-tested recipes," but these are in no sense the most interesting contents. For Mrs. Athearn weaves between her recipes instructions to women in the art of living. An indispensible one: "A clever woman knows that a warm oven and a warm bed go hand in glove." I had hardly recovered from the confusion of that image when I found that there were many recipes for all sorts of vital occasions: breakfasts for four golfers ("should feature a good sound cup of coffee or tea, forethought, careful execution—and you! Lovingly. With a smile . . . and in a decent housecoat."), picnics before polo matches (called "tailgating," which is eating from the back of a station wagon "—or from a Rolls Royce, for that matter,") field-trial brunch for four, complete with dog biscuits, "for the dogs, of course," around-the-pool luau for 12, a hunt breakfast for 12, things to be packed in a hamper for flying ("So many men own planes nowadays that it's not uncommon to be married to or courted by a man who flies. A plane that is."), Friday dinner in the cove ("if your husband or your beau or your best friend's husband is a boat owner"), recipes for pigeon, dove, partridge, duck and pheasant ("if your husband shoots . . . your sportsman may have just the right gun and just the right shot to bring it home for dinner"), and much, much more. "He" is the protagonist and hero of this valuable addition to the library of American humor; I accept it gladly and intend to send copies to all my women friends who have long worried about finding a recipe for "the sensual Sunday breakfast." My only trouble, in making full use of this book, is that I don't own a decent housecoat.

Moving testimonial to an indomitable spirit under great physical adversity is Stewart Alsop's *Stay of Execution* (Lippincott; $8.95). As I become absorbed in a book like this, which Alsop has called "a sort of memoir," I sometimes wonder what it is that is gripping me, and hope that it is not some ignoble motive, like pleasure at having avoided so far the fate of the writer. De Rochefoucauld pointed out that we all have the strength to bear the misfortunes of others; I think we have something more than that as we look in at a narrative like this. Alsop, a noted journalist, is afflicted with a cancer that is often fatal. This memoir is, in the main, about the arrival and progress of that illness to the point where it is seemingly arrested. Full of clinical details as it is, it is also full of a kind of gallantry about his fate, and a wry humor about himself which makes it possible to read (although often one might wish for fewer blood counts and check-up reports) without guilt. If this book is evidence, Stewart Alsop must be a charming man to know.

Every literate, mature adult in America has participated in the Oz phenomenon, the long series of children's books by L. Frank Baum, uniquely illustrated by W. W. Denslow (and, after Baum's death, continued by Ruth Plumly Thompson with 19 *more* volumes). One such adult is the editor (and author of the introduction) of this large and profusely illustrated *The Annotated Wizard of Oz* (Clarkson N. Potter; $15), Michael Patrick Hearn. Hearn says he became a devoté of the Oz books at the age of nine; this book is the result of his lifelong dedication. The writing is not distinguished (he writes curious non-sequiturs like "Although one of several children, Baum had a sheltered childhood") but the research is impressive and the annotations to almost every line, certainly every page of the fac-

A Citizen's Guide to Nuclear Power

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simile of the original *Wizard of Oz* are great fun to read. The introduction is full of fascinating bits of information, such as the fact that Baum's mother-in-law, Matilda Gage, was a prominent suffragette whose ideas so disturbed Frank that he satirized her, and the movement for women's rights, in the character of General Jinjur and her Army of Revolt in *The Marvelous Land of Oz.*

On the subject of big books (this one costs $15 and had an initial printing of 30,000), you might be interested to learn that *The Art of Walt Disney,* reviewed elsewhere in this issue, has exhausted its first printing of 100,000. Whatever else such books of note may be, this year they are not immediate candidates for remainder sales.

It is impossible to review Macmillan's *Encyclopedia of Philosophy,* edited by Paul Edwards, in four volumes, and with a list of contributors that requires 35 pages to describe. One can only record its existence, which began in 1967 and has been reprinted this year, and report that of the 900 available articles, I chose 10 to read, and found them all informative, simply and clearly written. The editors have aimed at "lucid presentation" rather than scholarly, "obscure and high-flown phraseology," and to a great degree have succeeded. Each entry is signed, accompanied by a small selected bibliography. The four volumes are costly, $99.50. But I would think that since J. M. Baldwin's *Dictionary of Psychology and Philosophy,* the only other major philosophical reference work in print, is 73 years old, this work, distinguished by its clarity, simplicity and understandable exposition, would be valuable to many people, all libraries, and especially to students of theology, psychology, esthetics, science, sociology, logic and, of course, philosophy.

Note the appearance in November of an interesting paperback, *American Voices, American Women,* edited by Lee R. Edwards and Arlyn Diamond (Bard/Avon; $1.95), interesting because it is based on the thesis that "there were significant American women writers about whom we had never heard . . . and that these women had something to say to us." This collection proves the editors right. Of the fiction writers represented here I had never heard of Harriet Prescott Spofford, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Jessie Redmon Fauset, and so was delighted to have them thrust under my nose for acquaintance. The others in this highly selective anthology, Mary Austin, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Susan Gaspell and Kate Chopin, are all better known. I found rereading them pleasurable, enjoyed being reminded of the excellence of the stories by Chopin and Freeman, and the intriguing short novel of Mary Austin's, *A Woman of Genius,* which has an early (1912) heroine-rebel against the institution of marriage. A most readable book whose female protagonists "are formed out of a developing awareness of the difficulties in reconciling their private selves with public expectations of them as women."

Late to be seen by me, but perhaps still in time for your last-minute purchase is Willis Barnstone's unique collection of photographs of Chinese children, *New Faces of China* (Indiana University Press; $10). This is a special kind of picture book. Barnstone is both a poet —his poems accompany his 100 pictures —and a sensitive observer who sees in the faces of these beautiful children a "bright ethical alertness." Further, he reports he saw that "in China one is awake. Foreigners note this, and comment on the enormous energy of contemporary life." Perhaps it has something to do with the physical structure of these faces rather than the ideological system under which they live, but I found them extraordinarily thoughtful, almost meditative and mature, full of delight in life and a sense of discovery for children so young. This is a notable example of the kind of fine general publication that university publishing is now into, as the saying goes, and well worth the surprisingly low price.

Of unusual interest is a British-published volume on *Illusion in Nature and Art,* (Duckworth; £ 7.50 or $25) edited by R. L. Gregory and the great English art estheticist Ernst Gombrich. There is nothing that I know of better done than this study, which is the result of the contribution of a number of distinguished psychologists, scientists and artist-critics and historians, of the relation between perception, the way the brain perceives and then distorts, and art which utilizes these distortions and illusions. This book grew out of an English (and then international) exhibit this year on the subject, and is a fascinating study of what one writer calls "the confounded eye," natural deception, and its reflections in the world of art. The book is now available in Canada as well as Great Britain, ought surely to be picked up quickly by an American distributor.

Kauffmann, *from page 21*

book—it ends in 1921—and it's fascinating. In vivid vernacular and with plenty of photographs, Brown tells us how he broke into films as an assistant to Griffith, learned the camera, learned *Griffith,* went into World War I and came back to Griffith, worked on *Broken Blossoms,* then decided to stay in California when Griffith moved back East. Presumably we'll learn about Brown's mature career in a second volume, but this first one stands with Lillian Gish's and Billy Bitzer's autobiographies as essential reading for all those interested in Griffith, the development of film techniques, the early days of film and of Hollywood itself.

William Wyler by Axel Madsen (Crowell; $9.95) is a long, chatty, anecdotal book about a director whose name (believe it or not) was once linked by André Bazin to that of Jean Cocteau as evidence of the growth of cinematic intelligence. Whether or not you think that remark overly stratospheric, there's no question that a director who has had so extensive and varied a career, who made *Dead End* and *The Collector* and *Roman Holiday* (its last sequence especially), is worth a biography.

Madsen gossips along briskly with lots of interesting on- and off-screen information. For instance I had known that Laurence Olivier acknowledged how much he learned about films from Wyler during the making of *Wuthering Heights,* but I discovered here that Olivier had invited Wyler to direct *Henry V.* Wyler demurred because he said he didn't know Shakespeare, and Olivier proceeded pretty well on his own; still the man who began with 21 two-reel Westerns and who showed the feeling for character that is in *The Little Foxes* and *The Letter* might have been of some real use on *Henry.* Pity that we'll never see the Wyler-Olivier version.

Movies for Kids by Edith Zornow and Ruth M. Goldstein is a much-needed

NOTE

Word has just been received that Stanley Kauffmann, long-time reviewer of theater and films for *The New Republic,* has been awarded the 1972-1973 George Jean Nathan Award for Dramatic Criticism, a prize of $5000 set up in the will of the late, notable GJN.

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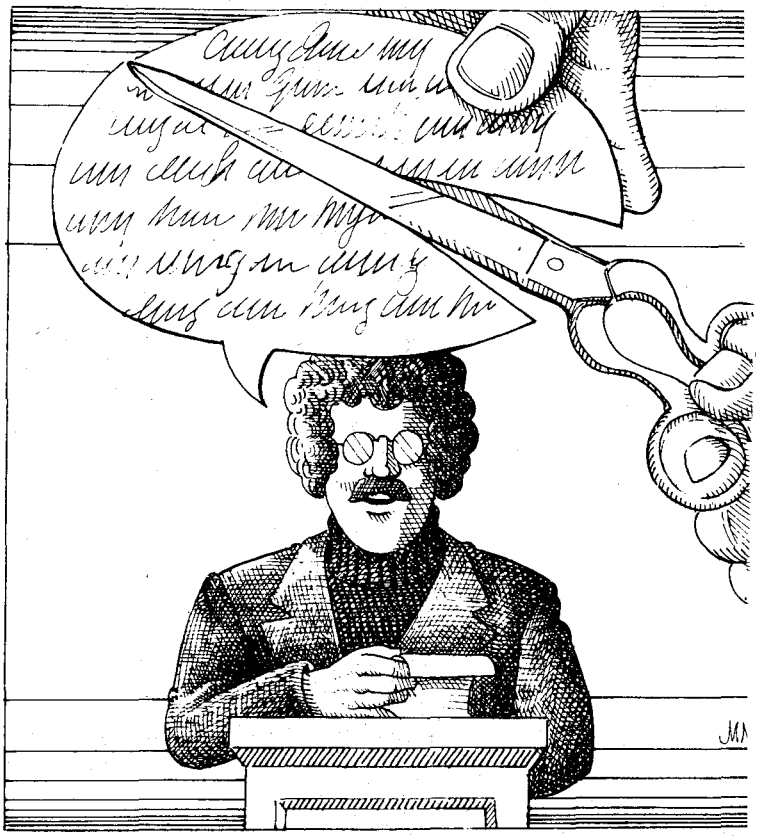

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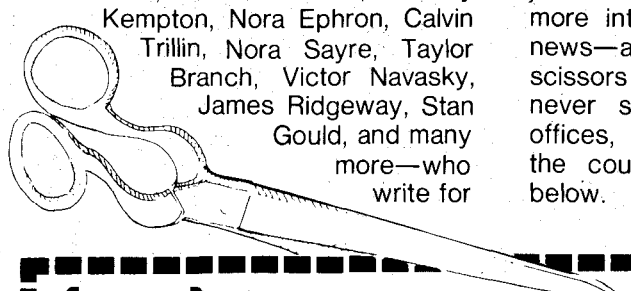

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